

# THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

27th Year, No 45

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

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DAVID M. REE,  
Commissioner.

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## THE RESCUE OF A YOUNG GIRL.



"The policeman came in for a share of abuse."

See "From Degradation  
Unspeakable," page 6.



# Cutlets from Contemporaries.

## Who Needs a Vacation?

### A Few Words on "Preferring One Another."

It should be settled first who most needs the vacation. It may be the bread-winner; it may be the bread-maker; usually it is the latter. Where one man needs a vacation there are half a dozen women who need it even more; and usually, we fear, the women who need it most stand smallest chance of getting it. As a rule, woman's work in the home is more monotonous than man's work elsewhere, and the strain upon her nervous system is greater than that upon her husband or brother. Yet usually it is the woman who insists upon the man taking a vacation, and she disclaims most stoutly her own need of it. And usually the man believes her and takes his vacation. Surely in every home where this applies there is need of a change of view.

It is not work that creates a need for vacation so much as monotony. Few men work themselves to death, although possibly there are not a few who worry themselves to death. It is not the muscles which need vacation most; but the mind. If business worries a man, an enforced rest may help him. If his nerves have become a little frayed at the edges, a vacation may tone him up and help him to get back to the normal. But it is a costly mistake to think that is the hard work which has created the need for prolonged vacation. Working under artificial conditions may lead to physical disorder of more or less pronounced type; but in most cases the artificial conditions and not the work are to blame.—Selected.

## Little Indian Girls.

### How They Helped the Army.

A dispensary was opened a few months ago near Bareja, which from the first has proved

self-supporting. So great indeed has been the success, that a small ward to accommodate patients from villages in the neighbourhood, has become a necessity. As a refutation of the statement sometimes made that there is no gratitude in the people, a little story of one of the Army's Girls' Schools may not be out of place here. Knowing the need of the above-mentioned Ward, some of the bigger girls asked:—

"Why does not Headquarters build a Hospital at Muktipur?"

"It's all very well for you to ask why Headquarters does not build. Where is the money to come from?" said the school mother.

A few days later a deputation of girls came to the "Mother" and asked if they might be allowed to work overtime, and earn enough money to purchase coals, and then, if some one gave the Colonel money for building, it would be quicker done.

Permission was given them. The work they did has been much admired, and was quickly bought recently in Bombay, and the money for the coals handed to Colonel Sukh Singh, but the thousand rupees (over \$300.00) necessary for the building is not yet forthcoming.—Indian Cry.

## Too! Too! Too!!!

### Freak Motor Horn Noises.

In the course of an article on "Motor Horn Noises: A Musician's adventures in London streets," a writer says:—

"We went into the torrential rain and muddy streets near Charing Cross to record impressions of what the motor horns of the metropolis have to say. Crossing the Shaftesbury Avenue, we had the first shock. There was a sudden outbreak that was like nothing so much as the shrieks of a whole regiment of hyaenas simultaneously slaughtered. It really was terrible and so unnecessary, for the car was travelling slowly.

"Then a car splashed past — and splashed us in passing — roaring from a foghorn that would annoy the Atlantic whales

if the 'Mauretania' used it! That also was absurd.

"Next came the piercing yap-yap! like the voice of one of those foolish and fussy Pomeranian dogs that live in suburban lobbies and bite the milkman. By Leicester Square we heard the song the (steamship) sirens sing — the prolonged howl which the Clan line of ships finds sufficiently penetrating for storms on the Indian Ocean. Quite absurd in London streets. Through Oxford Street we had a running chorus of wails and coughs and explosions." —Bandsman, Songs-ter and Local Officer.

## Well-Read Magazine.

### Is this Officer's "All the World."

Colonel French, of the United States (says the Editor of "All the World") informs us that there are many warm friends of The Salvation Army in Hawaii, where this Magazine is by no means a stranger, and the children of the early missionaries are counted among our most interested readers.

The other day we inquired of Brigadier Marcussen, of the United States, if he regularly read "All the World."

"Yes," was the reply; "but I get my copy in a roundabout way. It is sent from Norway to Chicago to the editor of a paper, who sends it on to me in California when he has done with it. When I have read it I mail it to Sing Sing Penitentiary, New York, in order that a certain young Danish convict, who is serving a long term for holding up a train, may read it. When he has 'got through' he passes it to a negro convict, who is one of your most interested readers. When it leaves his hands it is passed from cell to cell until it falls to pieces!" Surely this is a record!—All the World.

## The Man Who was called Dense.

### Was the Best Marksman.

J— was called dense, very dense, because he was a Salvationist. The Chief Gunnery Instructor said to him: "Mind you

study your lessons, because you are the densest man on the ship, as far as I can see, there is no hope of your passing the coming examination." "Don't you worry about me," J— replied, "I shall get on all right. The God whom I serve will help and carry me through." "Who is this God?" asked the Gunnery Instructor. "Oh!" said J—, "you will see who He is when the time comes." The Gunnery Instructor before the men went up to the examination, told the Gunnery Lieutenant how dense J— was and how little he knew about firing.

Twelve went up for the examination, out of which five passed. J—, who was tested on every point, came out first with honours, having made the possible 100.

After the examination, the Lieutenant said to the Gunnery Instructor: "I thought you told me that this Salvation man was so dense and knew nothing. Why he is the best man out of the twelve, and has obtained the highest number of marks and beaten them all."

To J— he said, "If I knew that God would help me like this, I would serve Him." J— replied, "Don't give me any praise, sir, it isn't me but the God whom I serve every day; what He has done for me, He can do for you." —Under the Colours.

## The Ideal Home.

### HIS Name is There.

Lord, this house is all Thine own,  
All and whole and every part;  
Let the guard around it thrown  
Be Thy Presence in the heart.

Thine be every bed and chair,  
Every table, every book,  
Meet us up and down the stair,  
Talk with us in every nook.

Thine be every servant hand,  
Thine each foot upon the floor;  
Never shall the Master stand  
Waiting at unopened door.

Always here come every day,  
Always with us nearer come.  
Till these walls shall melt away  
In the light of very Home.  
—The Deliverer.

## The Praying League.

General Prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, sorrow, or bereavement, and especially need Thy grace and presence and help at this time."

1. That all summertime soul-saving efforts may be crowned with victory.

2. That our venerable General may be strengthened in physical and spiritual strength for his strenuous toils.

3. Pray that God's dear people may seek for deeper spiritual life.

4. Pray for sustaining grace to be given to all who are suffering through the death of dear ones.

SUNDAY, Aug. 13.—Coronation Feast. I. Chron. xx.: 13-25.

MONDAY, Aug. 14.—David's Last Words. I. Kings ii.: 1-10; iii.: 1-3.

TUESDAY, Aug. 15.—Wise Request. I. King iii.: 4-15.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 16.—Solomon's Housekeeping. I. Kings iv.: 21-31; v.: 1.

THURSDAY, Aug. 17.—Busy Workers. I. Kings v.: 2-18.

FRIDAY, Aug. 18.—House of the Lord. II. Chron. iii.: 1-17; iv.: 1-22.

## MIDSUMMER THOUGHTS.

Collected by  
Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

### A PRESENT HELP.

At first it seemed a pleasant tale,  
That wheresoe'er my path might be,

On mountain side, in lowly vale,  
The great God whom I could not see

Would be a "present help" to me.

My mother sang it in her song,  
My father breathed it in his prayer;

It made them grow so strangely strong,

To bear the burden of their care,  
That I believed it unaware.

Yet only now—so late—I see,  
When years have given me clearer light,

All that God's "present help" can be,

Through gathering glooms of longest night,  
And in my dark I see His light.

Why should I falter or despair?  
I take my journey unafraid,  
Hope lives with me to banish care—

Who trusts in God is ne'er dismayed,  
And all my load on Him is laid.

So live with men as if God saw you;  
So speak with God as if men heard you.

He who commits injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.—Plato.

A candle that won't shine in one room is very unlikely to shine in another.—J. Hudson Taylor.

We should widen our expectations to the magnificent sweep of His promises.—MacLaren.

The other man's work may look to you like play. Yours is apt to look the same way to him.

# Guardian of the Gateway.

## Hadleigh Castle's Eventful History—Gratifying Restoration of the Ruins by The Salvation Army.

**M**ANY are the roles adopted by The Salvation Army, and in the vast majority of these the Organization demonstrates a peculiar aptitude for accommodating itself to the conditions which surround it, or which arise as a result of its presence. Not the least inter-

of national events which were now illustrious and again tragic. The magnificent structure was so frequently chopped and changed from one to the other, according to the fads and fancies of the reigning sovereign, the conduct of the custodian, or the treachery of the latter's rivals, that at times it is a matter of exceeding difficulty to trace "the man in possession."

In the year 1210, on coming at the age of nine to the throne of England, Henry III. confirmed, in his ownership of the Honour of Rayleigh, which included the Hadleigh estate, Hubert de Burgh, then Justiciar of England, and at the height of his power. For thirteen years, following the great sea battle off Dover, when leading the men of the Cinque ports, Hubert de Burgh fought nobly to finally quash the French efforts to take the English throne, he was, to all intents and purposes, ruler of the country, for he had risen to the high position of one of the guardians of the youthful king. And it was during this period that he built the famous structure whose massive, though ruinous, remains can offer but a scanty hint of the impressive and impregnable edifice which dominated this gateway to London.

Hubert de Burgh did not long remain in possession of the estate, for two years after the issue of the license to build he fell from power, being, by means of intrigue, deprived of his estates, which then passed into the hands of the king. Within three years, however, the Castle was restored to the fallen earl, who did not long survive his troubles, for in 1243 John de Burgh succeeded to the estates, though only for a short time, when they again became the king's property.

During the next twelve years, His Majesty evidently had trouble with the governors of this estate, for in that interval no fewer than four gentlemen held the office, and at the end of that time (in 1256) the Castle was reported to be "in a bad and weak state, the houses being unroofed, the walls broken down, and all utensils necessary for the Castle wanting."

### Becomes a Royal Residence.

A feature of the Hadleigh history is the number of men who, with their heirs, were given ownership of the Castle, but they must have been especially short-lived and unusually void of heirs, or—and this seems nearer the truth—each in turn rapidly fell into disfavour, upon which he lost his possessions, for they passed in and out the page of history in a monotonous procession.

Then it became a Royal residence, for, in 1273, it was assigned for the maintenance of Henry III.'s widow; but in 1290 King Edward I. included it in his handsome dowry to his second wife, Margaret of France. The first three Edwards spent much time hunting in the vicinity of Hadleigh, and frequently used the Castle as a residence.

Upon the death of Edward II., Queen Isabella was given the income of, among other places, the Castle and town of Hadleigh for life, but Edward III., on obtaining power, seized this part of his mother's estate, following which it passed through the hands of a number of tenants, most of whom enjoyed but a short tenancy.

Towards the end of his reign, Edward ordered such an extensive repair of the Castle that it acquired an Edwardian character which has often puzzled antiquarians who look only for the work of Hubert de Burgh in the ruins. A prominent official named John Blake, who was concerned in the repairs, which in present-day values cost thousands of pounds, was, in 1388, hanged on a fictitious charge of high treason.

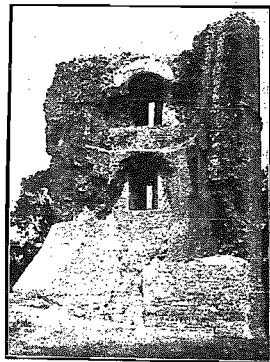
Richard II. gave the custody of the Castle for life to one of his favourite Ministers, Aubrey de Vere. Four years later, in 1381, the stronghold was garrisoned and held for the king during the Peasant's Revolt, but after ten years the property passed to Edmund, Duke of York, the king's uncle.

About eight years following this reversion, the king confirmed his gift to the duke, at the same time granting to his mother, Anne, the right to dwell in "his lodge at Hadleigh," with the "privilege of cutting what

timber she required for fuel." This addition Richard evidently considered an act of grace, since Aubrey de Vere had been prohibited from "felling large trees," having only the use of the undergrowth.

### Many Changes of Owners.

Henry IV.'s "very dear son" Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester,



### North-East Tower,

Which, after repairs, is, says the Governor, "good" for another century or two.

who was given the estate in 1402, and who took possession in 1415, "played a perilous part in the troublous reign of his nephew, Henry VI." In 1447 his lordship was arrested, charged with high treason, and, following the fate of the previous holder of the title, died a few days later, most probably by the hand of an assassin.

The Castle and estate next became the subject of an "absolute gift . . . for ever" in 1452, but the property soon changed hands, for Edward IV. gave the manor to his sister Anne in 1463, while still another alteration took place when, four months later, his queen entered into possession. On his accession Henry VII. resumed ownership, and for fifty years the estate remained in royal hands, when it "ceased to belong to English sovereigns, and passed into private keeping."

Henry VIII. presented the Hadleigh estate to Katherine of Aragon, on their marriage, though this did not prevent the sickle king giving it, in turn, to Anne of Cleves, on his marriage with her, and to his last wife, Catherine Parr, who was the final royal owner. In 1551, during the reign of Edward VI., the property was bought for £700, and the fate of the already dilapidated Castle was sealed. It became a quarry, by means of which the fine old church at Leigh-on-Sea was built.

When ultimately it became Salvation Army property, the Castle was in an exceptionally ruinous condition, and so it remained until recently, when, (Continued on Page Fourteen.)



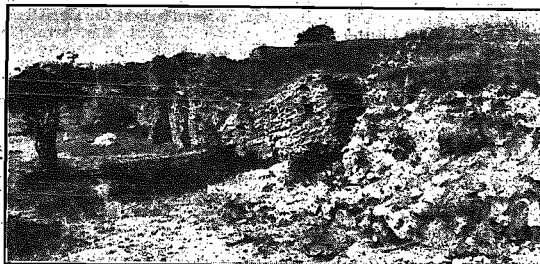
Interior of South-East Tower, Which is to be repaired. Note cracks, general dilapidation, and vegetable growth.

esting is the latest development by which the Army appears as a Society for the preservation of an ancient national landmark.

By the acquisition, in the year 1890, of land for the foundation of an Industrial Colony—part of The General's Darkest England Scheme—the ruins of Hadleigh Castle came into our possession; and to all who are versed in historic values, this is a precious relic indeed. Interesting because it is what it is—an ancient castle representative of an age which is no more, of people and happenings long since relegated to the dusty-musty corner of some old library—this ruined pile has the further claim to notice that it fully served its day as guardian of the mouth of the Thames, the river of our capital city; and further still, that with its varied history are associated some of the greatest names which appear in the story of our nation.

### Origin of Magnificent Structure.

Standing in the centre of the stretch of cliffs which ranges from Benfleet to Leigh-on-Sea, it commanded fine views of the Thames on the south and east, and was backed, on its northern side, by a huge forest, where boars were wont to roam, offering to daring spirits seeking adventurous exercise hunting in plenty. Its position, therefore, was charmingly picturesque, and this without detriment to its particular purpose; while its history, during the strenuous period between 1225 and 1551, might almost be considered as a running commentary upon a chapter



Walls That Have Been Recently Uncovered, After Lying Hidden by Undergrowth and Earth. The View is Looking West.

# ON ACTIVE SERVICE



War memories of a  
veteran in two armies.

## OUR SERIAL STORY.



### CHAPTER XXXII. SPIRITUAL VICTORIES.

As Soldiers of The Salvation Army, Brother and Sister Little found that they were expected to do some fighting for the salvation of other souls. Possibly it was because he had no burning desire to see others converted that Jim fell such an easy prey to the Devil six months after his conversion at Exeter. Now one of the Salvationist's motives was to the effect that hard work is a sure preventive of backsliding. This was duly impressed upon Jim and his wife, and in a very short time they became blood and fire soldiers, anxious to storm the forts of darkness and pull sinners out of the fire. At every meeting, week nights and Sundays, they were now to be seen praying and testifying while, as he found opportunity, Jim would visit the unconverted and invite them to come to the Army.

This work for the good of others gave them a noble object in life, and effectually roused them out of a state of selfish indifference to the sins and sorrows of their fellows. The thought that others were looking to them for an example also made them careful in their outward conduct, lest they should give offence, and turn sinners out of the way.

That Jim was keenly affected by this sense of responsibility was clearly proved by his readiness to give up smoking when he was convinced that this indulgence might possibly cause others to stumble.

He was an inveterate smoker. When he got up in the morning the first thing he did was to light his pipe. He smoked till breakfast time. After breakfast he would light up again and smoke all the way to his work. At the noon hour on the way home, and all the evening, it was puff, puff, puff, at his old pipe.

The first morning after his conversion, when he opened his eyes, he stretched out his hand for his pipe. Then the thought came to him that he ought to pray first.

He said a short prayer and then started to smoke as usual. That was the only difference his conversion made as regards this habit for about three months. He had no idea that smoking was against the Army rules, nobody checked him for it, and he felt quite easy in his mind over the matter.

He got convinced of the wrongness of the habit by a direct revelation of the spirit of God. In the holiness meeting at the Army he had heard much about the blessing of a clean heart, and how much more useful to God and

man people would be if they obtained this blessing. Jim wanted it.

One morning as he was going up Sword Street to his work, puffing away at his pipe as usual, he began to pray in his heart for the blessing he coveted. It seems strange that a man could pray and smoke at the same time, especially when we consider the subject of his prayer—for a clean heart. Yet Jim saw nothing contradictory about it.

"Oh, God," he prayed, "give me a clean heart. I'll give up everything. I'll—" Then he stopped short, for a voice within seemed to say:

"Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

Jim did not know at that time that the above words were written in the Bible. He had not

Sunday school, and looked up to as a good Christian. But for all that he was a great smoker. He listened quietly as Jim told his story.

"That text is in the New Testament," he said, as Jim told him what the Spirit had whispered in his heart. When Jim related how he had smashed his pipe the other smiled. "And are ye never gay to smoke any mair, Jimmy?" he asked.

"Never!" said Jim.

"Did ye throw away your tobacco, too?" was the next question.

"No, I quite forgot that," said Jim, "but I will."

"Ye need never to mind Jimmy,



"Next a carriage-builder came to Jim."

read much of God's Word as yet. Probably he had heard the words in some Holiness Meeting. At any rate, the Spirit now brought them to his mind and impressed him powerfully with the idea that they referred to him.

"The temple of God—his body! Then how could he continue to defile it with filthy tobacco smoke? And if he was defiling God's temple, and grieving the Spirit then surely he was not setting a good example to his comrades or helping sinners to find salvation."

A sudden feeling of revulsion towards smoking swept over him, and snatching his pipe out of his mouth he dashed it on the pavement and ground it to pieces with his boot heel.

"By the grace of God I'll never smoke any more," he said as he strode onward. "Now, Lord, come to Thy cleansed Temple and take full possession."

Thus did Jim gain a great victory that day. He was so full of joy when he arrived at the carriage works that he began to tell the man who worked next to him all about his strange experience on the street. Now this

man was a teacher in a church just give it to me," said the other eagerly.

So Jim handed it over to this shining light of the Sabbath School.

The news of Jim's renunciation of smoking went through the works like wildfire, and caused quite an excitement.

At noon the sweeper came to Jim and asked if the news was true. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he next asked if Jim considered smoking a sin.

"Well, it would be a sin to me now," was Jim's reply.

"H'm, I've often thought myself that it wasn't right for Christians to smoke," said the sweeper. And he lit his pipe and walked off to think the matter over.

Next a carriage builder came to Jim. He was the Superintendent of the Sunday School. He asked the same questions as the sweeper and received the same answers. He looked puzzled.

"Well, if I thought smoking was sinful I'd give it up, too," he remarked. Then he also lit his pipe, and went away to think it over.

Two days after, this luminary,

of the Christian religion, was detected stealing boards from the firm. His moral senses must have been blunted by tobacco, it was amongst such men that Jim's lot was cast during his struggles for spiritual freedom. A good thing it was that he had ceased to look to such professors of religion for any help and guidance. Being blind themselves they would have surely led him into the ditch. It was a good thing also that Jim had learned to look directly to his Heavenly Father for guidance and support. That kept him steady amid the conflicting opinions of men, and he pushed on towards the mark of his high calling conscious that he was obeying the dictates of an enlightened conscience.

We do not wish to give the impression, however, that Jim did not have to struggle against temptation. Bad habits are apt to reassert themselves long after a man has been converted, and sometimes, if the convert is not watchful and prayerful, his old foes get him in their grip once more. Once Jim was nearly overcome by a desire to taste strong drink again. How it happened was as follows: His wife had gone to a special meeting, held for the purpose of helping fallen women. It was the practice of the married women of the Corps to visit the public houses in the district just at closing time, and invite any women they met to accompany them to the Army Hall. In this way many a soul was snatched as a brand from the burning.

On this particular night Jim had gone to a meeting in another part of the town, and had promised to call for his wife on his way home. He left the meeting early for this purpose. As he walked down the street he passed a public house that he used to frequent in his drinking days. The fumes of liquor that came from it seemed to affect him in a peculiar way that night, and an almost overmastering desire to taste a glass of beer again came over him. He stood irresolute on the pavement for a moment or two, licking his lips in the manner that a wild animal does when about to be fed.

"Go in and get a drink, no one will be any the wiser," whispered the Tempter.

He took a step towards the glittering drink palace. Then he realized his danger.

"No, by the grace of God I will not," he said.

Near at hand was a hydrant, and rushing to it Jim turned on the tap and had a long drink of cold water. Then, fearing that the temptation would be too much for him if he attempted to walk by any more pubs, he boarded a car and rode back to the meeting he had just left.

His wife waited in vain for Jim that night. Finally she had to go home alone. When Jim arrived, sometime around midnight, it was with the firm step of a conqueror over temptation.

(To be continued.)

Don't magnify the little vexations of life into crosses and carry them along. Leave them behind.

FOR SALE—Soprano cornet, nearly new, very reasonable. Apply Bandmaster Lawrenson, Box 1022, Galt, Ont.



# The world and its ways

## The Irish People.

Ireland has given a hearty welcome to the newly-crowned King and Queen, all parties and creeds uniting in doing honour to their sovereigns. It is good to learn that Ireland is now happily emerging from the distressful conditions of depression and poverty which prevailed some years ago. Says the *British War Cry*: "Of all national dispositions that with which the Irish are rightly credited is the most lovable. Ardent and generous, they go all lengths in any cause they espouse, and no soldiery is more devoted than that of the Army's Irish Corps where, of course, special difficulties have to be faced. The defects of the Irish are in the main defects of their qualities, and especially is this so in respect to the ardour of their character, which sometimes finds an outlet in all too earnest partisanship. With The General, we would rejoice to see the energy and wit which are occasionally squandered on lamentable quarrels turned into common cause against selfishness, sin, and the Devil, for their very strength and quality would then ensure a great advance of righteousness."

## The Reciprocity Bill.

The passing of the Reciprocity bill by the United States Senate on July 22nd will undoubtedly stand out in history as a great event. Though public opinion in this country seems to be much divided as to the benefits that Canada will reap from reciprocity, the President of the United States seems to have no doubt at all as to the mutual good that will result to both nations.

"I am delighted and gratified at the action of Congress in passing the reciprocity pact," he said. "It indicates an increase of mutually beneficial relations between this country and Canada."

The bill as it passed the Senate is in precisely the same form as passed by the House of Representatives. It provides, as everyone remembers, for free trade in a long list of natural products, and for slight reductions by Canada on a number of secondary food products and manufactures, and for larger reductions, in order to reach the same level, by the United States on the same articles. The pulp and paper clause, as amended by the House and adopted by the Senate, provides for free entry into the United States of pulp and paper made from wood cut on lands from which its export is not now restricted. There is no obligation on Canada to admit pulp and paper free until all the restrictions have been removed by the Canadian Provinces, and then it will all be free on both sides.

## Suburban Farming.

We have heard of people being able to exist comfortably with three acres and a cow. A man living in Pennsylvania, however, manages to make a very good living out of two and a half acres. His bit of ground is situated two and a half miles from the heart of a city, and on it he raises vegetables and poultry.

His farm consists of a trifling over three acres, but there are



Crowds Watching the Illuminations in the Heart of Dublin.

All Dublin interests centre around the area between the statue of O'Connell and Nelson's Pillar. Not only was Dublin gay with bunting by day and its streets crowded to welcome Their Majesties, but there was much tasteful illuminative display in the evening in a roadway that is one of the most picturesque in all Europe.

only about two and one-half acres that are under actual cultivation. A little mountain stream tore one corner of the place to pieces so badly that it cannot be cultivated.

The little farm produces about 10,000 heads of celery, 300 to 500 tomato plants, and anywhere from 3,000 to 7,000 each of lettuce, endive, and beets. From five to ten bushels of onion sets are usually planted each year, and yield a bountiful supply.

## Going too Fast.

This is the age of rush, bustle, and hustle. The result is seen in the increase of nervous disorders due to the unnatural strain upon people. That there should be any connection, however, between the desire of people to travel quickly from one place to another, and the decline of the photographic business, is something that everybody is not cognizant of. According to the *Western Christian Advocate*, however, the increasing automobile trade is responsible for the decrease of the photographic business. The cause is said to be that where formerly people took their pleasure drives with slow-going horse and vehicle, they were always ready to draw rein and transfer to the camera any scene that appealed to their

artistic fancy; but now—well, they go too fast. Nothing but a breakdown stops them, and but few occasions present themselves to call for a retarded speed. The automobilist and his company derive their first pleasure in the sense of rapid motion; secondarily, the quick-changing scenery attracts now to the right, now to the left. But to stop, to drive to the roadside, to "view the landscape o'er," this is not on the ordinary automobilist's programme. Verily we are in a fast age, and with the elimination of time and the annihilation of space there are other things that suffer which we can ill do without.

## A Remarkable Lighthouse.

A perpetual lighthouse, needing no keeper, and yet as regular in its flashes as one maintained by the Government, is a curiosity seen by sailors who pass the island of San Salvador.

It is a volcano, situated about eight miles inland from the port of Acapulco. It is a veritable pillar of cloud by day, and the flash of its light by night has been valuable to mariners for years. It can be seen far out at sea, and a burst of flame has gone upward every seven minutes, without the variation of a second, for many years.

The few visitors who stop at San Salvador amuse themselves the first few days by holding their watches and timing the outburst of flame.

A lighthouse fee is collected of all vessels that put in at the harrier objects. He knows that the nearest the volcano, and no the volcano is more reliable than the lighthouses kept by human beings on other coasts, and the novelty of the light is worth the price charged by the government. There is the usual detonation caused by the eruption every seven minutes, and the ground is shaken, but, after a short sojourn on the island you fail to notice it, and would be the more shocked if it did not occur.

## Toothless Saws.

The idea of a saw without teeth may occasion some surprise among the uninitiated, but for cutting hard steel nothing is so good as a revolving disk of mild steel. The disks are preferably made of boiler plate quality, and are about a quarter of an inch thick. They revolve with a peripheral speed of as much as 20,000 feet a minute. One of these disks will cut through a heavy channel section of hard steel, 2 by 6 3/4 inches, in 15 seconds.

It appears to act by local fusion. The very high speed causes thousands of inches of surface to impinge in rapid succession on the metal undercut, so that its temperature at the point of contact becomes very high, although the disk, owing to its large surface area, remains relatively cool. All its frictional energy is concentrated on an extremely small area of contact. The work is done so quickly that the heat has no time to spread in the metal undercut, and the sides of the cut portion are only a little warmed.

## The Too Strenuous Life.

That the modern strenuous quest for wealth and power and pleasure is robbing people of their health, and often of life itself, is the inference to be drawn from the statements of an American physician. He says that the death rate from heart disease during the past thirty-five years has increased ten per cent. The statistics collected show a general increase, with but one unimportant exception, in the death rate from nine diseases of the circulatory system. This change has been accompanied by a corresponding decrease, also with one unimportant exception, in the death rate from eleven preventable infectious diseases. In the period from 1874 to 1884 the percentage of deaths from circulatory diseases was 34 per thousand, and it was 45.7 in the period of 1900-1910. It would seem from this that the American people are living too strenuous lives, that they are too eager in business, indulge in too much excitement in both their amusements and their serious work, and, generally speaking, are making too heavy a drain on their vital energies.

Christ makes hard things easy; Satan makes easy things hard.

## Band Chat.

## From Degradation Unspeakable.

### A STORY OF THE SOCIAL WORK IN AUSTRALIA.

(See Front page.)

Hesperia Band has welcomed Bandmaster Bowley, who is taking up the Eb. bass, which until recently was played by Captain Hunt, the C. O. Our correspondent says that the Band is in good condition, and then adds: "On Sunday, July 16th, our Bandmaster (Happy Jack) celebrated the 4th anniversary of his birthday. At night, thirteen souls were at the Mercy Seat. No wonder then, that the Bandmaster in the wind-up jumped over the drum!"

Captain Glover has taken on well in the Corps and town. Her singing draws large crowds to the open-air.

**Hamilton III.**—Our Band is making rapid progress under the leadership of Bandmaster Collins. We have been reinforced by Bro. Jackson, who has taken up the solo euphonium, and Bro. Harvey, solo tenor. A new bass drum has been secured.—J. W. B.

**Montreal II.** Band is improving (so say the people of that end of the city.) On Sunday, July 16th, the Bandmen conducted the meetings in the absence of Adj. and Mrs. Mercer.

The Oshawa Citadel Band recently accompanied Brigadier and Mrs. Morehen to Bowmanville for a week-end visit. Some twenty Bandmen sat down to a glorious spread on Saturday afternoon, provided by the worthy C. O. Lieutenant Davies. After supper an Open-air Festival was given before an immense crowd, the Band, under the baton of Bandmaster Fred Calvert, rendering the "Weasider" and "On For God And Right!" marches, and "Redemption" selection. The Male Quartette sang with good effect, and the Band the hearts of the people when he rendered a Monstre Bass solo.

On Sunday the Bandmen were reinforced by new arrivals and pitched in and worked hard in spite of the intense heat and smothering dust. A pleasant feature of the days' open-air meetings was the singing of the Oshawa Sisters' Trio which accompanied the Band. A splendid programme was given on Sunday afternoon in the Citadel. Among the most interesting items were a recitation by Bandsman Lazell, a vocal solo by Bandsman French, and an euphonium solo by Bandsman Jackson.

On Sunday evening the Band headed a slow march and played "Promoted To Glory." Inside, the memorial service for Brother Fishleigh was conducted by the Brigadier. The Band rendered "Songs Of Comfort" under the baton of the Deputy-Bandmaster. Brother W. Allison has recently taken up 1st baritone and is proving quite an acquisition to that section.—Band Corr.

"Good Band you've got over there!"

"What, Riverdale?"

"Yes."

"Ah, you're right! Getting better every week. See them come sweeping down Broadview Avenue."

There were three sisters and a brother. Two of the former were adult; the youngest was but nine years of age. The brother was married to a good wife, and had a comfortable home. Their father was alive, a man by birth of good connections; by present habits of very bad ones, as the readers will learn, as also of the three sisters.

One day the brother's wife, walking along the street of an Australian capital, noticed a lady in the then unfamiliar costume of The Salvation Army.

"I wonder if she could do anything?" the lady mused. "I can only ask her." Approaching the Salvationist, she said: "Pardon me, but I want to ask you something. I don't know much about The Army, but I have heard you are trying to receive girls who have gone astray?"

"That is so," said the other pleasantly. "Can we help you in any way?"

"I wish you could," I have three step-sisters; their mother is dead, and I am sorry to say their father has gone to the bad. He is working and living with Chinamen, and his daughters are there too, and in a horrible way. I do not think you could do anything with the two elder, but if I could get the youngest away my husband and I would gladly make a home for her."

Greatly interested, the Salvationist got all the particulars she could, and promised to do her best to rescue the child.

Her first step was to visit a certain house in one of the most ill-favoured and ill-flavoured slums in the city, inhabited by low caste Chinese and white women of ill-fame. Knocking at the door, the keeper of the house, a woman of unmistakable character, asked her harshly what she wanted?

"You have a young girl here and her sisters. I have been authorized to take her to a respectable home. You know this is no fit place for a child of her years."

"What authority have you got? Her father knows she is here. Did he send you?"

The Salvationist had to admit she had not and a torrent of abuse preceded the slamming of the door in her face. But the rebuff only made her the more determined, especially after seeing the class of people in the wretched-looking locality. Meeting a consilable she persuaded him to return with her.

"I doubt, miss, if I can do anything if it's true her father consents to her being there. It would have to go to court, but we'll try and bluff them if you like."

They went back, but, as he foretold, it was futile, and the policeman, when the brothel-keeper found he had no real authority either, came in for a share of abuse.

"You'd better see what you can do with the father," said the

on Sunday afternoon, thirty-five strong—say it's a fine sight."

"Yes, but I'll tell you when they seemed the finest—to me at any rate. I had quite a long

friendly officer when the door was again closed.

The Salvationist had learnt where the father was working—a Chinese cabinet-maker's—and proceeded thither, insisting on seeing him, a reluctant Chinaman called him. At first he told her to mind her own business, but she indignantly told him she had made it her business, and the Army would make it hot for him if he did not let his nine-year-old daughter go. With mingled threat and pleading and rebuke, she at last got a reluctant consent, but on no account would he go with her to claim her. So she made him sign an authority. Armed with this she again faced the enemy. Fearing legal proceedings, the brothel-keeper gave way, and a poor young girl, dreadfully ill-looking, was passed out.

No words can describe her condition. Wretchedly clad, filthy in person, and suffering from an advanced stage of a horrible disease, her rescuer took her to a restaurant, but it was impossible to allow her to sit with others, and a private room had to be provided. Then the poor child was taken to a children's hospital, but was refused admission, and for the night she was sheltered at a charitable institution.

Next day a merchant in full sympathy with the noble work the Army had taken up brought pressure to bear, and the sufferer was admitted and remained for a long while in the hospital; under skilful treatment, she recovered, and went to the step-sister's home, where for the first time in her life she found love and comfort.

But the story doesn't end there. The father, who by education should have occupied a good position, was not lost sight of. The whole facts were laid before the Social Department, and efforts were made to reclaim both him and the other two girls, and with ultimate triumphant success. The former gave up his connection with the Chinese, and others coming to his aid when they saw evidences of a desire to reform, he regained something of what he had lost through dissipation, and, more wonderful still, the elder girls, when they realized what had been done for their younger sister, also accepted the help of the Army toward a better life.

To-day, many years after, they have good homes of their own, moving deservedly in circles of unquestionable respectability, and in prosperous circumstances. There has been no effort (rather the contrary) to tell this true story in other than the most prosaic outline, tempting as it might be to the pen artist. Readers can fill in the picture for themselves. It is told to prove the power of God to redeem the very worst from the very worst environment, and to answer for the sceptical the question often raised about rescue cases—Do they stand?

sickness some months ago, and you know very well what it means to lay in bed week after week, nothing much to cheer a fellow up, nothing to see but four

walls, nothing to hear but the rumble of the pigs in the streets, the hoarse cries of vendors, and the whistle of trains. It was then that the Riverdale Band seemed finest to me. They used to come and play near my house—I don't think they knew I was sick, either—every Sunday morning, and strange as it may seem, one of the pieces they played very frequently was a tune which I used to sing when a schoolboy away in the Motherland. Why, I couldn't keep the tears back—not I! That was music indeed to me and—well, that's one reason why I like the Band even the Don."

And so saying, the man at the wicket of one of Toronto's public institutions took the Army Officer's money, gave him a ticket and closed the gate.

The St. Catharines "Daily Standard" devotes nearly two columns to a report of the visit of the Hamilton I. Band to the town.

"The Band," says the paper, "delighted the people of St. Catharines with its music. Neatly uniformed, and numbering forty players, it arrived on the 322 train, and appeared in musical formation on the streets on Saturday afternoon and evening, and played many excellent selections under the direction of Bandmaster W. Woodward."

In the evening there was a musical festival at the Salvation Army Hall on Geneva street, where Mr. W. B. Burgoyne, president of the Board of Trade, presided. He welcomed the Band to St. Catharines; and a very pleasant evening was spent by the many in attendance.

The Band's programme included "Coronation," "Rock II," "Great Masters III," concertina, cornet, trombone, and vocal solos.

On Sunday morning there was a largely-attended holiness meeting at the Hall, and a festival was given in the Park in the afternoon. This latter was somewhat interfered with by rain; but, considering the weather, there was a good attendance. Mr. Burgoyne again presided. The Band numbers included some of the latest marches, the "Ocean," and "Invitation" selections.

At night, after a splendid open-air meeting, Major Findlay took charge of the meeting in the Hall, which was crowded. After Band Secretary Ridgeway and Bandmaster Woodward had thanked the people for their kind support and entertainment during the week-end, the local C. O. replied saying how greatly he, the Corps, and the town, appreciated the Band's visit. Major Findlay gave a stirring salvation address, and two souls sought salvation.

It was announced that the collections of the week-end amounted to \$117, and the Captain expressed his appreciation to the band and to all friends who had contributed. After paying expenses there remain about \$50 to go to the local band fund. There are three new instruments coming, costing \$240, and \$120 has been paid on them; so that this will reduce the sum to be paid to \$70. The local Salvation Army Band has fifteen players.

The Hamilton Band left on Sunday night on the mid-night train, and all St. Catharines will welcome it back again.

## OUR PRISON-GATE WORK. The Views of One of the "Striped Brethren."

Words are sometimes inadequate to express our feelings. Sometimes we would like to speak kindly or cheering words, but we cannot conquer our natural diffidence, and the things we are eager to utter lie unexpressed in our hearts. This fact has restrained many a man from telling about the grand work The Salvation Army is doing in the Central Prison. What do I know about Army work at the Prison? Well, my reader, I'm one of the Striped Brethren, and I have every opportunity of knowing.

The secret of the Army's good work is that it is done in the name of Christ, and that it is inspired by Love. No man can doubt this statement if he has been fortunate enough to personally know either Colonel Pugmire, Staff-Captain Fraser, or Mrs. Fraser (the "Little Mother"). In connection with prison work, The Salvation Army does not confine its efforts to helping the men spiritually; it renders a great deal of material assistance as well. Staff-Captain Fraser visits the prison at least once every day for the purpose of ascertaining the special needs of the men, so that he may purchase for them such things as the prison rules permit. He also meets practically every man who is released, and in nearly every instance has work waiting for the released prisoner. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of this Prison Gate work. It absolves the released prisoner from the necessity of trying to gain a living by dishonest means, and it gives the public a sense of security that under other conditions would soon be dispelled.

In conclusion, I would say: There are men and women who have learned so well the lessons of Love and Charity as taught by Christ, that all along their way of life they distribute sunshine and happiness among their more unfortunate fellow-humans. And this I have always found The Salvation Army workers trying to do.—F. N. W.

Victoria Corps, B.C., has recently celebrated its 24th anniversary. On that occasion several veteran soldiers gave reminiscences of their early day warfare, among them Sergt. and Mrs. Porter, who have been spared to see their five children grow up in the Army, and all are at present holding commissions in either the Senior or Junior Corps. Moreover, there are now six grand-children in training, two of whom play instruments in the Y.P. Band which is the latest acquisition to the Junior Corps.

Bandmaster Porter has a goodly number of boys (eight to fifteen years of age) under his care and tuition, and they made their first appearance at a festival given by the Senior Band at the anniversary week-end. The boys are a great attraction at the Thursday night open-air meetings.

The recent visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Morris (continues our correspondent) was of special interest to some of our oldest comrades who know the Brigadier as "Lieutenant Harry Morris, the Boy Trumpeter" many years ago. They were delighted to see him as Territorial Staff Bandmaster.

## Is Rescue Work Worth While?

By MRS. BLANCHE JOHNSTON.



NE still summer's night, many years ago, a beautiful girl knelt by my side in one of the bedrooms of a home whose hospitality we both shared as guests. She was a high-caste Hindoo lady, won to Christ through the Army's mission work in India. She was travelling in this country on behalf of the needs of her native land. All night her dusky face was raised to mine, as with tears streaming down her dark cheeks she pleaded with me to return to India to minister to her sister Zenana women.

"Oh!" she urged, "my poor sisters in India! Oh, will you not come with the message of love and the story of your Jesus to my poor Zenana women?"

For hours the touching Macedonian cry rang in my ears, and when at last—just as the silver streaks of dawn cast their pale shimmer across the curtained window of our room—the earnest pleader was persuaded to retire to rest, it was with the assurance that her plea should be made a matter of special supplication. My spirit was deeply moved; all the hardships and sufferings of India's multitudes of child-wives, and of her desolate widows enduring a bondage which is worse than death, had been so vividly portrayed to me by the sweet Hindoo visitor, that I longed to give my life to, if possible, in some little measure ameliorate their condition, and take at least a message of divine love to their lonely hearts.

But God had marked out another path, and the condition of my health prevented me from responding to the fervent request. It was but a very short time afterwards I was asked to take a position of responsibility in the rescue work by our present Leader, which I held for 12 years, except for a brief interim, until its burdens and sorrows completely shattered my health, and then I knew the meaning of the new impulse which had stirred my heart so strongly. The work to which I was appointed brought me in direct contact with women whose moral condition was just as pitiful as is the condition of India's dark millions, and whose need for the ministrations of loving Christian womanhood, as great as India's need for the emancipation of her Zenana women. I naturally shrank much from the personal contact with the victims of this dual evil—inebriety and immorality—but it was God's appointment, and it is precious to be in the line of His blessed will.

"Look out in the gusty darkness, I have seen it again and again, That shadow that flits so slowly

Up and down past the window-pane,

It is surely some criminal lurking

Out there in the frozen rain!"

"Nay, our criminals are all sheltered,

They are pitied and taught and fed;

That is only a sister woman

That has got neither food nor bed."

—Proctor.

The question is sometimes asked the workers in the Res-

cue Department, "Why do you go on year after year in this work? I am sure it must be very discouraging. Do you think it is at all worth while?"

To such interrogations and assertions I would answer, that while there are discouragements, as in every effort that is put forth for the uplifting of humanity, there are many, many reasons for gratitude to God for what has been accomplished. As for the work being worth while, my readers have only to be reminded that the Creator and Father of all considered His Own Son not too great a sacrifice to give for the saving of lost souls; and that the Son Himself said: "Joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."

Oh, the incomprehensible value of an immortal spirit. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the world"—its wealth, its honors, its pleasures—"and lose his own soul?" Surely if Heaven could spare its most glorious Prince, nay, one of the Persons of the Godhead, to become human, and to be as sin who knew no sin that in His own (human) body He might bear sin for the redemption of a sinner, then we, who by His grace and mercy alone, are called according to His purpose, may think it an honor to be chosen mediums for the conveyance of Mercy's story to those who know not its power. Worth while? Oh, yes, ten million times, yes!

For the spiritual side alone, I think I hear all the multitude of the ransomed strike their harps to the tune of a new song, and through Celestial courts send ringing an anthem of Hallelujahs in which angels' cars can detect a new interpretation—worth while, worth while? Yes, yes, yes; worth while as it is worth while for the King of Glory to set an eternal lamp in the new Jerusalem, that in the bright Homeland there is no need even of the sun's light.

Then from the human side there is much to consider. In his great masterpiece, "Les Misérables," that wonderful literary production within whose incomparable expanse are found all the types of a stage of development from the brute to the angel, the author, Victor Hugo, shows us a fair type of the "undestroyed good" in the poor little Fantine. We have found in our work many like her in the self-sacrificing aspect of her character. My readers will be familiar with her story. A poor little French maiden of nearly a hundred years ago, bearing upon her brow the mark of the anonymous and unknown. Of her father and mother nothing was known. Her pathetic name seems to have been given her by a casual passer-by, as he found her a barefoot little waif upon the streets. At ten she went into service in the country, and at fifteen she strayed to Paris. She was pretty, I think, at any rate she possessed a dowry of gold and pearls—the gold fell in careless waving ringlets from her youthful head, and the pearls formed a shining row between her ruby lips. She had never known love, she had no memory

of a mother's tender caresses, a father's strong affection, or the camaraderie of a sister's friendship. So when she met Felix Tholomys and he professed to love her, she poured out all the wealth of her woman's soul at his feet. Poor Fantine, there was for a time bliss in the life and association of her lover, but when he left her, oh, then the tragic problem of how to maintain the fair little maid of two and a half years faced her as it has faced thousands since her day. God pity them! The bitterest, saddest of all the tragedies this world will ever see is that a mother without wifehood's crown must abandon her baby to save it, that to shelter it from the cruel scorn and pitiless reproach of a thoughtless, self-righteous criticism she must forsake it.

So Fantine found it. She deposited the precious burden with a woman, who because she had two little ones of her own Fantine considered a suitable person to make her child happy. And then began the weary battle for bread—bread for two. She worked nights as well as days upon the coarsest sewing at the meanest wages. Her mother love endured the smoke of the candle which made her eyes smart and the piercing of the needle which made her fingers bleed. She was constantly appealed to for money by the inn-keeper who kept her child. What could she do? Costly wanted a warm garment, the weather was severe. Fantine became desperate as she thought of her baby suffering from the cold, and went into the shop of a hair-dresser one day and uncoiled her beautiful hair which fell in golden splendor to her waist. Ten francs, he said, he would pay, and the bargain was sealed. "My child will be warm, now I have clothed her with my hair." "There is much sickness," the inn-keeper wrote. "Is it dangerous, do children who take it die?" pantingly asked Fantine of the old woman whose room she shared. The reply was that it was almost always fatal to children. Fantine rushed madly out into the street, a travelling dentist who extracted good teeth from the mouths of the living for the purpose of manufacture, saw Fantine, and with professional eye noticed the regularity of hers. "I will give you," he said, "forty francs for those incisors." "What are incisors?" asked the poor woman. "The front teeth, the two upper teeth," he replied. "Come to such a number and address to-night."

Late that night Fantine sought out the place. The next morning, when the old woman entered their poor room, she found Fantine sitting upon a stool with her head bowed, her face buried in her hands. Fantine looked up and smiled sadly. There was a vacancy in her mouth, and in the corners stains of blood were to be seen. Still unable to get remunerative employment, and the demands for money still coming from the cruel and vicious inn-keepers, what could the frenzied, agonizing mother do? She could enter hell for her child; she could sell herself for its sweet sake, and—my pen trembles to record it—she did so. Five or six years after, broken and wasted, the poor mother was found lying on a narrow cot in an hospital. She never saw her child from the day she left it with the inn-keeper, and the dying mother, murmuring—

(Continued on Page 14.)



## GAZETTE.

## Promotions:

Capt. Minnie Smith, to be Ensign.

DAVID M. REES,  
Commissioner.

## THE WAR CRY.

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## WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD.

There is a popular saying to the effect that "God's in His Heaven, all's well with the world." A mere glance at facts, however, would convince even the most superficial observer that things are not all well in this world of ours. In every land under the sun we find that misery, poverty, disease, and crime are still present. Superstition and paganism still hold sway over millions upon millions, and dense spiritual darkness extends over whole continents. Moreover, there is a false philosophy which seems to be gaining acceptance in many civilized lands, the advocates of which teach that there is no need of a Saviour for the human race. Their theory is that man has been evolved from a very low type of animal life, and has progressed through the ages from worm to monkey and from monkey to man. The human race is still in process of evolution, they say, and at the present time is as a rope stretched across the abyss—from animal to superman. The coming superman, the perfected type of human being, is to be a creature of mighty strength of intellect and will, from whom all the human elements of love, pity, and sympathy have been eliminated, solely by his own efforts. Then they go on to say if the human race is to come to its glory it must be by the victory of the strong over the weak. Everything we do for the poor, the needy, and the sorrowful, they argue, is causing the degeneration of the human race and spoiling it.

God save us from such a philosophy as that. Is it all well with the world when such ideas can be entertained for one moment by its inhabitants? No! What is wrong with the world is that the feeling of brotherhood is so much lacking. There is so much selfishness, greed and cruelty, so much of that rude individualism the motto of which is "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost."

And the remedy. Instead of the inhuman superman, let us take the Divine Man, the Lord Jesus Christ, as our ideal. He came, not to save the righteous, the great, and the strong, but to seek and save the lost, the erring and the weak. If all men would follow Him, earth's wrongs would soon be righted.



FLIES IN THE OINTMENT.

Better shoo them away, young man, or your character will be ruined.

## Opportunities for Service.

## AN APPEAL TO CANADIAN YOUNG WOMEN.



ON another page of this issue will be found an article from the pen of Mrs. Blanche Johnstone, in which she discusses the question as to whether Rescue Work is worth while. She was inspired to write it, she informs us, through reading the Commissioner's appeal for Women's Social Workers in a previous issue of the War Cry. Her stirring words and the pathetic story of poor Fanime, a type of those whom the Army is ever seeking to help, will doubtless arouse strong desires in the hearts of many Christian young women who read these pages to help the Army in its great fight against vice and degradation. This Women's Social Work, in which the Army is engaged, is no small affair. In fact, it is a much larger business than even those who have some acquaintance with the Army believe it to be. In Mr. Rider Haggard's admirable review of the Army's Social Work, entitled "Regeneration," he summarizes some of the problems that our workers are continually face to face with. "Among them," he says, "are the questions of illegitimacy and prostitution, of maternity homes for poor girls who have fallen into trouble, of women thieves, of what is known as the white slave traffic, of female children who have been exposed to

awful treatment, of women who are drunkards or drug-takers, of aged and destitute women, of intractable or vicious-minded girls, and, lastly, of the training of young persons to enable them to deal scientifically with all these evils, or under the name of Slum Sisters, to wait upon the poor in their homes, and nurse them through the trials of maternity." Truly this is a big work and capable people are required to deal with its many problems.

As our readers are already aware, a scheme is on foot for the establishment of a separate Training Home for Women's Social Officers in Toronto. The first session will probably begin in November, and at least twenty young women will be selected for training. Here is a wide-open door to young women of this country who desire to do a noble work for God and humanity. Opportunities for service to the poor, the sick, and the erring are all around us, and a practical and efficient training for social service such as the Army gives will fit any Christian young woman for making the most of such opportunities. Intending candidates may apply either to the Officer of their Local Corps, the Divisional Commander, Mrs. Colonel Mapp, S. A. Headquarters, Toronto, or the Candidate's Secretary, Headquarters, Albert Street, Toronto.

We learn, with regret, that the brother of Staff-Captain Ella McNamara is very near the river of death. The Staff-Captain is by his side in Halifax, doing her best to comfort her brother in his last hours.

Major David Creighton is announced to conduct the week-end meetings at Petrolia on July 29 and 30. The Major will be accompanied by his son, Wilfred, who was born in that town.

Staff-Captain Pinchen called at St. H. Q. on Wednesday, July 29, on his way from the West to Montreal, where he boards the "Tentonic" for the return journey to the Old Land.

In the absence of the Adjutant, who is on sick furlough, Mrs. Bristow of Doverport has been receiving the assistance of

various "Specials." Mrs. Brigadier Potter and Ensign Lewis conducted the meeting on Sunday night, July 23rd.

Staff-Captain Arnold informs us that during the last week eight new applications for enrollment in the Officers' Advanced Training Classes have been received.

The Staff-Captain is well in harness at T. H. Q. What with Fresh-Air Camp photography and the despatching of the Harvest Festival "machinery" to distant parts of the battlefield, he has been kept going at top speed during the last few weeks.

No man, however firm he fancies is his belief in fatalism, will stand in the path of a street car leaving late to decide whether he shall be run over or not.

## PERSONALITIES.

The Commissioner, accompanied by Brigadier Potter, visited the Army's Fresh-Air Camp at Clarkson's on Wednesday, July 29th, to inspect the Camp and take in the general situation with a view to making improvements.

Readers of the War Cry will be pleased to know that the condition of Colonel Mapp has considerably improved during the last few days. It is hoped that the complete rest and change will soon restore our Chief Secretary to something like his old self again. Will comrades continue to pray that this may be so.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs are announced to conduct meetings at the Temple, Toronto, on Sunday, August 27th. The Colonel, who a number of years ago was Canada's Chief Secretary, is now Chief Secretary for the Men's Social Work in Great Britain.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Major Miller, the architect, went to Hamilton on Wednesday, July 29, to look over the Merrick St. Metropole and Salvage Department, with a view to making some enlargements which are urgently needed.

We much regret to say that Brigadier Rawling, who is on furlough, is suffering from a leg trouble which has rendered the left limb almost useless. Pray for the Brigadier that he may speedily recover.

Major Parker and Captain Bell, of the Chicago Training College staff, recently visited Toronto, and were conducted through the Training College on Sherbourne Street and around the offices at T. H. Q.

We would express our deepest sympathy with Adjutant Bristow, who, we hear, has lost his mother. The Adjutant arrived in England just two hours before she died, and only just in time to hear her last good-bye.

Ensign Hebditch, of Newfoundland, is quite poorly, and has been compelled to go on furlough.

Captain Elrick, of Welland, Ont., has, we regret to learn, been suffering with ulceration of the stomach. He is, however, making good recovery.

Congratulations to Ensign Minnie Smith of Winnipeg on her promotion to that rank.

Captain Richardson, of Huntsville, reports that he is improving in health.

Lieut. Lillian Hargrave has been appointed to Brampton, Captain Jones having gone on furlough.



## LIEUT.-COLONEL REES VISITS TWILLINGATE DISTRICT.

Journeying at All Hours by Land and by Sea—Army Work in Thriving Condition.

On Thursday, July 6th, the P. O., Lieut.-Colonel Rees, boarded the "Solway" at St. John's for a tour around Twillingate District. Notice Dame Bay. He arrived at Twillingate at 3 a.m. Saturday morning, where he was met by the D. O., Adjutant Hiscock, and escorted to the Officer's Quarters. There Mrs. Hiscock awaited him with a good cup of tea. After a few hours rest, the remaining part of the day was spent in S. A. business.

The following day being Sunday, meetings were conducted by the P. O. Large crowds attended, and listened attentively to the inspiring messages delivered by him. On Monday, the P. O., accompanied by Lieutenant Roberts, started for Herring Neck. After a walk of five miles they boarded the ferry, proceeded to Merril's Harbour, and after walking across another stretch of land, got on another boat, and safely arrived at Herring Neck. There they found the Officers and Soldiers very happy after a good winter of soul-saving. At night a large crowd attended the S. A. Hall to hear the Colonel. Next day he boarded the SS. Clyde and proceeded to Exploits. The writer joined him at Moreton's Harbour. At Exploits we were met by Captain and Mrs. Cole. The Army's work in this little town is progressing. We have a nice Hall, and at present the Captain is busily engaged in erecting a schoolhouse, which will be a great help to our Educational Work. At the close of the meeting at night the Colonel dedicated the Captain's baby. On the morning Lieut. Barrett rowed us to Black Island. In the evening Adjutant Hiscock joined us, and we had a good meeting. The P. O. gave a lecture on the early days of the Army. Next day we started for Farmer's Arm, calling at Cottle's Island, where we found Lieut. Anstey, and the comrades getting ready to build a new Hall. Arriving at Farmer's Arm at 5 p.m. we were kindly received by Mrs. Captain Jenkins. We held a meeting and at 1 a.m. boarded our boat, and at 4 a.m. Saturday arrived at Chance Harbour. A two-mile walk brought us to Moreton's Harbour, where a new Citadel has been built recently. Sunday morning we were at Chance Harbour again. The Colonel conducted a Holiness Meeting, which was attended by a nice crowd. In the afternoon the P. O. was at Moreton's Harbour, accompanied by Adjutant Hiscock, Lieutenant Barrett, Cadet Cronin, and the writer.

Monday morning at 5 a.m. we were on our way to Comfort Cove, which we reached at 1 p.m. A few volleys of musketry were fired, and everybody knew that the Colonel and party had arrived. This place boasts of a good Corps, and a new Citadel will soon be completed. At night a large crowd attended the meeting.

Next day the Colonel proceeded to Campbellton, where he was warmly welcomed by Captain Whitehorn, and where another good meeting was conducted.—Ensign Ellesworth, Moreton's Harbour, Notice Dame Bay.

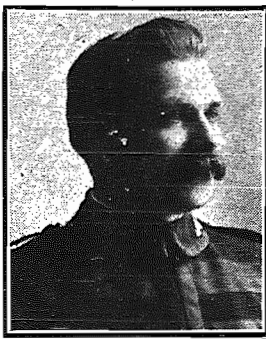
Lastly, the Colonel visited Salt Pond.—Ensign Ellesworth, Moreton's Harbour, Notice Dame Bay.

## Lieut.-Colonel Whiller

AN INTERVIEW WITH A VISITOR FROM INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.



NE of the latest visitors to Canada and to Toronto is Lieut.-Colonel Whiller of International Headquarters, London England. He conducted a party of emigrants across the Atlantic, and then spent a few days in the



Colonel Whiller.

Queen City. One afternoon, when at Territorial Headquarters, he was "run to the earth" by a War Cry man, who on learning that the Colonel was one of the Assistant Field Secretaries for the British Field, immediately scented good "copy." And although the Colonel has had to keep running to schedule time throughout his brief stay in the country, he consented to the interviewer's request for "something about yourself." Before going any further, however, we take the liberty of giving our impressions of the Colonel.

A man of medium height, robust build, holding high on a pair of broad shoulders a fine head, with powerful—stern, we were going to say—features, dark and heavy mustache—this is Col. Whiller as the eye sees him. Viewed from the standpoint of character, the Colonel is a man famed for his dogged determination, Salvation Armyism, mental alertness and hard work. Look into his eyes, with their beetling brows, and one observes the spirit of things mentioned, together with the light that always betokens a Godly life. Many more things could be said, but let the Colonel speak for himself.

"Well, I was born in Devonshire," he began, "and when old enough became a chorister boy. The Salvation Army had not opened fire in our town, but I had heard of it. One day, on learning that the Salvationists had 'invaded' a little village nine miles away, I drove over and had my first glimpse of the Army. My impressions were anything but favourable. A little group of bonnetted lassies and red-jerseyed men being pelted with mud, sticks and stones, and rubbish of every kind—that was what I saw. And although I knew nothing of this Army, I at once became sympathetic, and when the march to the Hall began I followed in the rear. As the procession filed into the little building a shower of stones was thrown into the crowd in front of the door. Evidently the Sergeant on guard thought I was guilty of the trick, for he rushed at me, and grasping me by the

arm said: 'If you do that again I'll take you in charge!'

"For the moment my sympathy vanished, and I felt that perhaps the new Army was 'a crazy concern,' a scheme of my chums had dubbed it. However, within a year of this time the Blood and Fire flag was flying in my own town, and very soon some of the worst characters were marching beneath its folds. I attended the meetings quite frequently, and before long realized that I was a sinner. Then I got very miserable—so miserable in fact, that one night on returning to my lodgings, after having been at an Army meeting, my landlady asked me if I was sick and would I not have a doctor. I said 'No,' and went out again, retracing my steps to the Army Hall. That night I gave my heart to God—in other words, got cured! It was not long before the landlady knew it.

"The following night I was at the open-air meeting—a full-blown soldier, and from that day to this I have never looked back.

"Three weeks after conversion I visited my father. As soon as I told him that I had joined the Army, he demanded that I should choose between it and his home, for the two—the Army and access to the home—he said I could never have. I chose the Army, and as a result was banished from the family hearth and counted as dead for over two years.

"The first piece of uniform I wore was a red jersey, and with it I fought one of my first battles. On the road to my daily work there was a saloon which I used to frequent. To go past that place with my jersey showing was more than I could do, and for several weeks I went by the place with my coat tightly buttoned. But one morning I decided to get the victory over myself and the Devil, and so when I reached the street wherein the saloon stood I flung open my coat, and holding the sides back with my hands, marched boldly past the beerhouse, former acquaintances and all, with what looked to me like a veritable sea of crimson dazzling my own eyes and those of everybody who saw me.

"Six months after conversion I went to my Divisional Officer for candidate's papers. For certain reasons—unknown to me—I was refused. Three times this occurred, and then I said: 'Brigadier, you can say what you like, but I shall be in the Training College within a year now! The fact is I was in within six months.'

"Said my father when I at last got permission to go home and say good-bye to all the folks: 'Jim, if you don't give up the idea of going to the Training College, I'll commit suicide!' Certainly it was an awful threat, but I had placed myself and my parents in God's hands, and felt I must trust Him to make matters all right, even when they had come to such a pass. Anyway, I went to the Training College, and to-day nobody admires the Army more or feels more proud that they have a son an Officer in its ranks than my father. Any differences of opinion on matters relating to the War are always settled by father saying: 'Well, let's hear what Jim says.'

"Do you remember anything

interesting about your Cadet days, Colonel?"

"I do. I remember that almost every night we used to return to the International Training College smothered in either flour or mud—sometimes both—our uniforms torn, hatless, and looking like nothing so much as soldiers returning from 'the front.' I remember, too, that your Field Secretary, Colonel Gaskin, also one of your late Provincial Officers, Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, were my comrades in those battles, being Cadets in the same session.

"While still in training, I was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant and placed over a Brigade of Cadets."

"Can you point to any of them to-day, Colonel?"

"Oh, yes; several are Officers, one or two holding important offices."

"Well, then I was promoted to Captain and sent to a Corps in Lancashire, and subsequently to three or four others in the same country. During those commands I acquired the spirit of determination—the power to do things—which I believe has never left me. At the very beginning of my career as an Officer I saw that the only royal road to success, next to close relationship with God, was that of hard work. And I travelled it. For instance, when at my first two or three Corps it was no unusual thing for me to visit one hundred houses in a day, praying, singing, or giving counsel in each. I saw that it was useless for a doctor—and I was a spiritual doctor—to merely know that there were sick people in his district. He could not determine their ailments, nor could he prescribe medicine unless he visited them individually. And that was just what I did—got in amongst the people, saw their needs, and then set to work to supply them."

"Perhaps, Colonel, you have an instance showing how such methods succeeded?"

"Yes; here is one. I was visiting one of the poorer districts in a town where I was stationed as Captain, when I came across a man and woman with a family of ten children in most deplorable circumstances, brought about through the husband's drunkenness. I got down to business right away, gave the parents temporary help, and a few days after my first visit the drunkard's wife's got converted at the penitentiary. Three weeks later the drunkard himself got saved. I immediately found work for him, and he began to show the usual results of sound conversion. He started to pay off his debts, and in order to hasten the day when he would be free from such burdens, made some wonderful sacrifices both in the home and in his personal life. It took him twelve months from the day of his conversion to pay all he owed for beer and rent, but it was all settled, and then things began to look brighter around the long-neglected home. Twenty years later I visited that town, and who should meet me at the station but the saved drunkard and his wife who had come down with their horse and buggy to give me a triumphal re-entry into the town. They entertained me during the week-end at their splendidly-furnished home, and to-day they are Envoys in our ranks, while all the children—ten of them, now, of course, grown up—are Salvationists. Now, don't you think it was worth my while to visit and help that poor drunkard?"

The interviewer, of course, (Continued on page Eleven).

# THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES

Genuine Victories and Advances all  
over the Battlefield.

ARE REPORTED ON THIS PAGE.

READ ABOUT THEM.

## BREWER BROWN AT OSHAWA

Twenty-One Souls at Penitent-Form.

Saturday and Sunday, July 15 and 16, Oshawa was favoured by a visit from Envoy "Brewer" Brown, the converted prize-fighter, accompanied by his wife, "The Pride of the Village."

On Saturday night the Envoy marched through the principal streets in front of the Band, he himself being dressed in his rags. Hundreds of people crowded round the open-air and listened to the Envoy as he addressed them from an improvised pulpit, consisting of a plank laid across the drum.

On Sunday morning a wonderful time was experienced in the Holiness meeting. The Envoy spoke on "Perfect Love," and the need of a deeper work of Grace being done in our hearts. Eleven souls knelt at the mercy-seat to make a fresh consecration.

On Sunday afternoon the Citadel was crowded with people who eagerly drank in every word of the Envoy as he related his thrilling life story.

At night the Citadel was again packed with an eager audience, and the Envoy lost no time in getting to business. The Band rendered "Songs of Comfort," the Songsters sang "Soldiers Arise," and the Male Quartette sang the Envoy's favourite piece, "His Love Can Ne'er Be Told." Numbers of people were in tears as the Envoy told of his meeting with his mother after 17 years' absence, and of her death. Conviction was plainly seen all over the building, and we were rejoiced to see ten young people at the mercy-seat. Three came for salvation, while the remaining seven came for a fuller consecration. A total of twenty-one souls for the week-end. It was, to use the Envoy's own words, "A day of setting our own house in order." We finished up with the Envoy and his dear wife, performing a Hallelujah dance on the platform, amid the cries of "Praise God" and "Come back again, Envoy." It was a day that will long be remembered in Oshawa, a day of great victory over the Devil. The Corps is pushing ahead under the able leadership of Captain Mitchell and Lieut. Davies.—L. C.

Calgary.—Four souls were saved on Monday, July 17. Staff-Captain Pinehen, of Liverpool, Eng., spent the week-end here, and assisted by our own Officers and some other visitors, conducted splendid meetings. We had an early morning march which surprised not a few people.

On Thursday the Juniors gave a demonstration. It was well attended and eminently successful. The whole Junior and Y. P. work is on the up-grade.—Sergt. F. B. Cummer.

## COLONEL GASKIN

AT STRATFORD

Stratford.—Last week-end the Classic City had a visit from the Field Secretary, Colonel Gaskin. He had a very busy stay. On Saturday he presided over a musical festival given jointly by the Band, Songsters, and Juniors of the Corps. The programme was greatly enjoyed.

On Sunday morning the soldiers and friends were lifted higher toward Holiness and Heaven by the Colonel's address, at the close of which six souls sought full salvation. Early in the afternoon the Colonel visited the Juniors and gave them a few words of encouragement and advice. Later on he lectured before a mass meeting in the City Hall on "Leaves From My Diary." His Worship Mayor John Brown presided in a very able manner. At night, a great salvation meeting was held, and one soul sought salvation.

The unfortunates in the county gaol were not forgotten by the Field Secretary. He in company with our Prison Sergeant, Bro. Edward King, visited them with the message of true liberty and salvation, and was accorded a warm welcome. Altogether we had a splendid week-end.

Our Cradle Roll is increasing. Secretary and Mrs. Fletcher are smiling over the arrival of a little girl at their home.

Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Sumner are rejoicing over a son and heir. Bro. and Sister McLellan also have cause to be happy—a son in their case also.

Songster Sarah McAvoy has faredwell and gone West.—J. A. F., Corps Corr.

## TEMPLE BAND AT RIVERDALE

The Temple Band receives a warm welcome wherever it goes, but nowhere perhaps is it more heartily received than at Riverdale. The festival which the Band, under Ensign Hanagan, gave on Thursday night, July 20, delighted Riverdallers beyond expression. The Hall was comfortably filled; the platform, never too large for the local Band, was entirely (and closely) covered with the thirty-eight visitors. Their music was superb; no wonder the crowds staid ten deep around the Band on Sunday night.

"Crowns of Victory" and Coronation marches, "Ocean," "Rock H." and "Old Times" selections were the full Band numbers. Mrs. Ensign Hanagan and Bandsmen Sparks gave vocal solos; Bandsmen Pele, euphonium solo, also duet with Bandsmen Hanagan. Recitations by Bandsmen A. Keith and Ensign Hanagan completed the programme.

And at 10 p.m. the audience—yes, Bandsmen, too!—were ready for more. They'll get it—some day.

## 24 YEARS OF PROGRESS.

### Victoria's Veterans Review the Past.

The Victoria Corps celebrated its twenty-fourth anniversary on the last Sunday of June, and was a time of rejoicing and thankfulness. Only those who have seen the hard fighting that was necessary to keep the Corps in existence not so very many years ago can realize how much it means to see two brigades marching to the Citadel on a Sunday night, headed by the silver band, which has made a name for itself among the musical organizations of the city.

There are still a few soldiers here who were at the opening meetings of the S. A. when the Corps was founded. Bro. Crogan, who was the second convert, and his sister, Mrs. Little, were present and spoke at the meetings. Bro. Little, the latter's husband, was promoted to Glory and buried with S. A. honors six years ago. Two other well-known comrades present were Sergeant and Mrs. Porter, who have been spared to see their five children grow up as Salvationists, and all are at present holding commissions in either Junior or Senior Corps.

A Y. P. Band is the latest acquisition to the Junior Corps.

The warm weather has in no way lessened either the interest in or attendance at the meetings, indoors or out, and the converts' roll is being gradually strengthened.—A. E. T.

### A TRIPLET OF VETERANS.

During Major Simco's tour in the East she met a trio of herowarriors in one of the smaller and less reported Corps—Kentville, N.S. Sergt.-Major Vaughan's service has extended over twenty-five years. Treasurer, Abram Jess has weathered the storms of twenty years' service, whilst Drummer John Hines, who is now eighty-two years of age, has served God in the Army ranks for twenty-five years, and still beats the drum and attends open-air services. He was saved under an old Canadian Officer, Captain Nellie Banks at Windsor, N.S. All three comrades were able to report a bright present spiritual experience. Surely, Mr. Editor, they deserve long-service badges?

### TWO DRUNKARDS AT THE MERCY-SEAT

Brantford.—Ensign Hamilton, the C. O., conducted splendid week-end meetings, which were well attended, considering the war-time weather.

On Saturday night two drunks knelt at the Cross.

The Band spends Sunday, July 30, at Niagara Falls Corps. Look out, Captain Nicholls, for this company!—J. T. Wimble, Corr.

Fenelon Falls.—The week-end, July 22 and 23, was marked by a visit from Captain and Mrs. Barber who are on furlough. The appreciation of their visit by those who attended the services was shown by the offerings during the day.

Lieut. Mapes is holding on here during the absence of the Captain, who is on furlough.—Smiler.

## WANTS TO BE RECONCILED.

### Another Man Gives Up His Pipe and Tobacco.

Major Cameron assisted by the Women Cadets, led the meetings at the Temple all day on Sunday, July 23rd. As the Specials left the Training Home at 6.45 in the morning there was a spirit of faith amongst them which spoke of victory. In the kneecrill God touched each heart.

The morning Holiness meeting was a rare treat. "Sure walking" was the Major's text, and God revealed Himself and His ways to all present. The afternoon open-air will not be forgotten by the Cadets for some time. Altogether there were 80 people in the ring, including forty-one Bandsmen. The meeting inside was of a free and easy character, three Cadets reading from God's word. At night God's spirit was indeed amongst us. The Major's text, "The Master has come and calleth for you," was sent home with mighty power and conviction with the result that ten men and women were kneeling at the cross. One man handed in a pipe and pouch of tobacco, and another said in his testimony that he had now to write to his wife asking for a reconciliation.

The Cadets returned home with great joy, praising God for His goodness.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, Brigadier Taylor was unable to conduct the Saturday Night's meeting on July 22nd at Lusgar Street, but Major Cameron, assisted by the Women Cadets, formed able substitutes. The meeting was preceded by an open-air around which quite a number of people gathered. In the tent, a real hallelujah, free and easy meeting took place and many were blessed.—O. B.

## SUCCESSFUL SALE OF WORK.

Horwood.—On July 12 we had a sale of work in the Hall and a tea. Some local friends bought a lovely quilt, and afterwards gave it to the Captain, to show how they appreciate the good work done by her. The Captain has won all our hearts since she came amongst us this spring. Six souls have recently been brought to the Saviour. We raised the sum of sixty dollars at the sale and tea. The money will go towards the new quarters for our Officer.

## RIVERDALE BAND AND OFFICERS AT LIPPINCOTT ST.

Lippincott St.—On Sunday afternoon and night, July 23rd, the Riverdale Band, accompanied by Adjutant, Byers, visited this Corps and neighbourhood, which they stirred by their splendid music. Thirty-seven Bandsmen were under the baton of Bandmaster (Captain) Myers. In the afternoon they gave a service of praise, and one of their numbers, the "Ocean" selection, took on so well that by request it was repeated at night, when Mrs. Byers was also present and spoke. Bandsmen Cooper, Deputy Bandmaster Fuller, and Bandmaster Myers also spoke briefly. At the conclusion of Adjutant Byers' address one soul sought salvation.



Sister Mrs. Robinson and Her Three Sons.

#### A FAITHFUL WORKER.

Sister Mrs. Robinson was, until recently, a soldier at Lindsay. She has now removed to the North - West. Twenty - seven years ago, when the Army first came to Lindsay, she got saved in the old Bell's Music Hall, which was then used for Army meetings. After three years' soldiery she became an Officer, and served in the Field for some time. Then she married a soldier of Tilsonburg, and together with her husband did good service in the Corps at that town for ten years. She became Junior Sergeant-Major. At first only seven children attended company meetings, but two years later the number had risen to 75. At this stage her husband's work necessitated a move to Brantford. Here Mr. Robinson had the misfortune to lose his life on the railway. Thus left a widow with three children, Mrs. Robinson decided to move to her native town of Lindsay. Joining the local Corps, she became an active War Cry seller and Band of Love Leader, besides Company Guard. Afterwards she filled the position of Corps Sergeant-Major. Our comrade has sold thousands of War Crys and collected hundreds of dollars for the Army's special efforts. This year she collected \$79.74 for Self-Denial. Her three sons, aged from 15 to 19, have all been good Junior soldiers, and promise well for the future. Owing to slackness of work in their home town, the boys decided to go West and take their mother with them. They received a good send-off from their Salvationist comrades in Lindsay, who wished them God speed to their new home in Winnipeg.

#### Lighthouses for Airships.

Germany leads the way in providing lighthouses for aerial craft. On the top of a building in Spandan a cluster of powerful electric lights has been installed, which shoot their radiance straight up into the sky, thus making a point which the airships of the German army can use for reference in their nocturnal voyages. A great deal of night travel is done by the German army dirigible balloons in their manoeuvres, and no doubt other lighthouses will be established, even though there are no dangerous rocks and shoals for airships to run against, so long as they keep far enough up in the ethereal ocean.

When charity begins at home, it usually stays there.

#### LIEUT.-COLONEL WHILLER.

(Continued from Page Nine.) agreed, and begged the Colonel to "go on" when he suggested that he had said enough.

"Well, during my early years as a Field Officer," he continued, I made up my mind that, God helping me, I would command the best corps in the Territory. I had no real foundation for believing that such a thing would happen—someday—but I worked in my first corps and worked at myself with that goal ever in view. And about five years later I had reached it, and took charge of some of England's biggest and best Corps. One I may mention—the old Grecian Theatre—in which I was married.

"To whom, and who by Colonel?"

"To Captain Annie Latham, who was one of my Soldiers at a previous command, and by Commissioner (then Major) Howland. That was in 1890."

"Promotion to Staff rank followed marriage, and we went as Adjutants—there were no Ensigns in those days—to the command of the South London Division. Right from the commencement of my service as a Divisional Officer I made a resolve similar to that made in my 'Field' days. It was that by hard and faithful work carried on by a holy ambition, I would command the best Divisions in the country. And by the good help of God I did so.

"After commanding the Glasgow, Sunderland, and Hull Divisions, I was promoted to the rank of Major. Then came the Birmingham, Brighton, and West London commands, followed by promotion to Brigadier and to Provincial Officership. First I had charge of the South London Province, then became Provincial Secretary for the North-Eastern Counties, and with my appointment to the Midland Province, received further recognition by being promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Lastly came appointment to National Headquarters as Assistant Field Secretary."

"One more question, Colonel: how do you regard your twenty-seven years as an Army Officer?"

"Well, I know this: they could not have been spent in a better service. Every Officer, every Salvationist, has unique opportunities. I have tried to make the most of mine, and you can tell your readers to do likewise." "Canada? Well, what I have seen seems to be pretty much like the Dominion as it is represented across the water. Your Officers have been exceedingly kind, and I shall carry back home many really delightful memories of the Land of the Maple Leaf, and my first visit to its shores. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

Napance.—On Sunday, July 9, two children were dedicated to God and the Army, and two young people were enrolled as soldiers. At the close of the night meeting four souls sought salvation.—B. G. H.

Brigadier Potter, accompanied by Staff-Captain Arnold, visited Yorkville on Sunday, July 23rd. In the afternoon the Brigadier gave a lecture on Japan. At night three souls sought salvation. The Corps shows signs of improvement, made during the command of the present Officers, Captain Neff and Lieut. Mapp.

#### ENVOY HANCOCK VISITS RAILWAY CITY

St. Thomas, Ont.—A series of very successful meetings were conducted last week-end by Envoy Hancock of London I. A large crowd listened attentively to the Envoy at the open-air on Saturday night.

On Sunday afternoon he related the story of his life, both before and after conversion, which was full of interest and much enjoyed by those present. A large crowd gathered again at the night's meeting to hear the Envoy. His address was powerful, and we believe much good will be the outcome of these meetings.

Our Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Hoddinott, are away on a much needed rest, and during their absence Captain Lockett is holding on.—Secretary.

Campbellford.—We have just welcomed our new Officers, Lieutenants McAvoy and Atkinson, into our midst. Week-end meetings were greatly enjoyed by the comrades.

On Sunday night conviction was stamped on the faces of backsliders and sinners.—Happy Jack, D.D.

#### A Big Flower.

The largest flower of the world says the Scientific American, is said to be the Rafflesia, a native of Sumatra, so called after Sir Stamford Raffles. This immense flower is composed of five round petals of a brickish colour, each measuring a foot across. These are covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings.

The petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide, the margin of which bears the stamens. The cup of the Rafflesia is filled with a fleshy disk, the upper surface of which is covered with projections like miniature cows' horns. The cup when free from its contents will hold about 12 pints. The flower weighs about fifteen pounds and is very thick, the petals being three-quarters of an inch.



Brother Charles Harris. This comrade is a soldier of New Chelsea, Trinity Bay, Nfld. He has been saved for a period of five years, and at present is Drum-Sergeant of the Corps.



Captain and Mrs. Oldford and Their Little One. These Officers are now stationed at Rossland, B.C.

#### BAND CHAT.

(Continued from page 6.)

Galt Bandsmen were responsible for the meetings this week-end, July 15 and 16.

The Band turned out well on Sunday. Bandsman Burrows led the open-air in the morning. The Holiness Meeting was a soul refreshing time, several of the Bandsmen taking part. The Bible reading was taken by Bandsman Clark.

The afternoon open-air was conducted by Bandsman Kempshend, the inside meeting being led by Bandmaster Lawrenson. The last open-air was taken by Brother Houghton. The Citadel was full at night, most of the Bandsmen took an active part. Our Band-Sergeant read the lesson, and two souls sought salvation.—Drummer.

Montreal IV.—We had a visit from Captain Wright and the Cornwall Band on July 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. The Band came in on Saturday morning. In the afternoon we had an open-air meeting which was largely attended. After the open-air we went to the Citadel where a splendid supper was awaiting the Band. A great crowd again gathered to hear the Band in the open-air. In the Citadel a splendid programme was given by the Cornwall men. The chair was taken by Brigadier Hargrave, our P. C. In spite of the terrible heat there was a good crowd. Sunday all day was a day of blessing.

On Monday night the Band gave another splendid program presided over by Brigadier Hargrave. The whole week-end was a decided success, and the Band, under Bandmaster Homer, did well. The tickets were well pushed before the arrival of the Band. No. IV. soldiers are amongst some of the best for work. Mrs. Captain Smith and Sister Baker sold over 800 tickets. Bro. Rogers sold 130 tickets. Altogether the soldiers sold 1,050 tickets. Now our Corps is out of debt. Since the visit of the Band we have had eight souls out for salvation.—One interested.

"I find the great thing in this world is, not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. A man may be standing on a ship that is drifting swiftly to destruction."—Oliver W. Holmes.

# Where Whales are Caught in Nets.

A Fascinating Account of a Unique Industry Which is Full of Excitement and Danger.

**T**HE idea that whales can be caught in nets will probably surprise many people who associate whaling with Polar seas, pack ice, and bergs, snow blizzards, harpoons, and long chases. But, says a writer in the World Wide Magazine, extravagant as the idea may seem, the thing is done, and done, too, in semi-tropic waters, to the accompaniment of glorious sunshine and summer seas.

Just south of the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, where, in a land-locked harbour, beautiful Wangamumu nestles in the shadow of Cape Brett, the Messrs. Cook Brothers have established their whaling station, and here is carried on the unique business of catching whales by means of nets.

Most conservative of deep-sea denizens, the whale keeps its sea tracks with almost the same unerring fidelity as ocean liners, and in autumn the schools of leviathans moving south to Polar seas hug the mainland of North New Zealand, rounding Cape Brett, close inshore, ere making an offing, they sweep again to seaward, to pursue their voyage. A fair number of these travelling whales, hugging the shore more closely than their fellows, pass through a narrow channel, just under Cape Brett, that separates a cluster of outlying rocks from the mainland. This is the spot chosen for the placing of the nets.

## Placing the Nets.

No ordinary fisherman's gear will serve. The nets used to stop a monster swimming with the momentum of a hundred-ton mass of bone and sinew are, necessarily, out of the common. With a stretch of five or six hundred feet and a depth of two hundred, the nets, meshed to seven feet and made of three-eighth inch wire rope, are hung on strong wire cables buoyed by huge floats and drogues.

From high vantage-posts along the coast watchers scan the seascape for the first sign of the distant spoutings that herald the approaching school.

At the cry of "There she blows!" out go the steam-launches to place the nets, three in number, that suffice to close the narrow channel. These, unanchored, are allowed to float loose, the ends of each slightly overlapping. Kept taut by their own weight, they hang stretched on the float line, an invisible curtain of wire-mesh barring the water-run.

No human fastening has yet been invented that would stop the rush of a charging whale. The principle of the detached floating net is not to stop but to so hamper the monster with a gossamer of wire rope that he falls an easy prey to the hunters. For this reason, also, the nets are so placed that on "striking" an entangled whale may "race" seaward or "sound" downwards, carrying the enveloping net, without fear of disturbing the remaining two.

## She's Struck.

When the nets are in position the launches and attendant whale-boats, with their crews,

take up their stations at some distance to watch for the upheaval and dancing float-line that marks the "striking" of a whale.

Often a whale's presence is first indicated by great masses of broken barnacles and torn seaweed that come floating upward to the surface as the whale, floundering among the rocks of the sea-floor, cases himself with delighted scratchings in the depths.

In the boats all is tense expect-

its side fins thrashing wildly in a smother of foam. It curves as an arch, and then, like an arrow, down go whale and net together for the "sound."

Not for long, though. The upward drag of the net-floats and its necessity for breath bring the "fish" quickly to the surface—a spouting, snorting, wallowing mass; mad with rage, wild with terror of the unknown clinging horror that envelops it.

Bang! bang! go the guns from each boat, in quick succession. Both irons are home and well-placed. A wild quiver of flukes and fins, and the whale either "sounds" again or "races" along the surface, towing the boats after it at express speed.

But the net holds fast, and at each new effort for freedom the

torpedo-boats. Harpooner and linesman stand ready in the bows, the former with gun-reloaded or hand-iron poised for further cast in case the "fish" doubles back and passes within "throw." The latter, axe in hand, watches the line, ready at the first sign of kink or jamb or sudden deep "sound" to sever it at a blow, lest in one wild instant boat and crew, dragged to the depths, follow at the tail of the "sounding" whale. The line, as it hums from the line-tubs, may "throw a loop" and lasso some member of the crew. Then it's "handy with the axe and cut loose," or the unfortunate man, whirled round the logger-head to the pull of the mighty "fish," would be cut cleanly through, as though by a sabre, by the surging line, and fall outboard in two halves.

But the chase is slackening. Strain and loss of blood begin to tell. The whale comes up at ever-shortening intervals for breath, and at length lies on the surface. The boats draw close, the lances again come into play, and are plunged home.

## Dangers to be Faced.

"Ware flurry." Mighty tail-flukes thrash and churn in blood-stained foam. Huge side fins, rising and falling like walking-beams of a giant engine, sing through the air. One blow of those fins would pulp a boat's crew to a jelly and beat their craft to noggin staves; one lift of that tail beneath a boat, and, tossed in the air like a straw, its occupants, strewn broadcast on the sea, must save themselves by swimming till picked up by the launch that has followed in the wake.

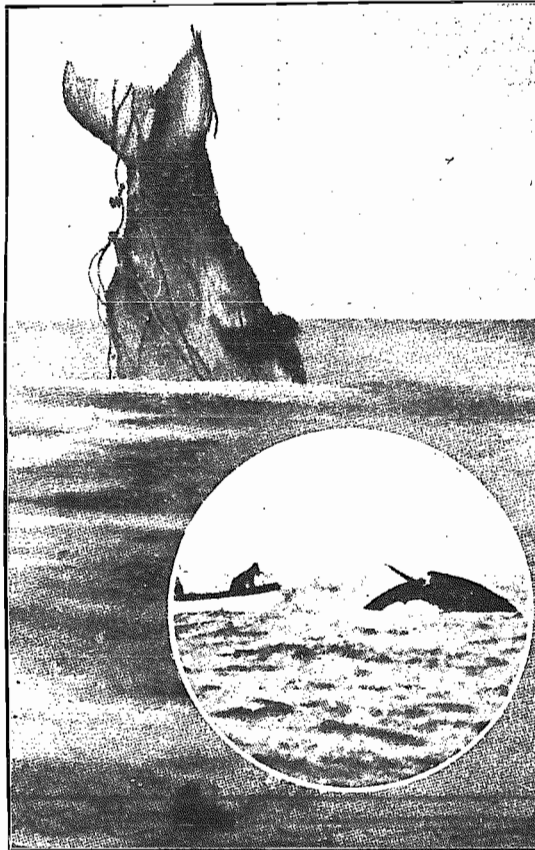
Bull whales—especially sperm whales—will sometimes charge the boats open-mouthed, when only the dexterity of the boat-steerers can avert a disaster. As a rule, however, the efforts of the leviathans are confined to attempts at escape, though a cow whale, with her "calf" at side, will often put up a better fight in defence of her young than the sire.

## The End of the Whale.

At the jetty the whale is brought alongside, derricks are rigged, winches started, and the operation of flensing or stripping the blubber is commenced. Flensers, standing on the back of the whale as she floats alongside, and armed with flensing spades working across and around the carcass, cut hide and blubber into strips or "blankets," to the width of a foot. An incision is made in the end of the "blanket" to receive the hook. The derrick chain is overhauled and hooked on, the winch started, and as the huge body revolves in the water the long "blanket," of blubber, helped by an occasional cut from the spade, unwinds slowly, much like a thread from a cotton-reel.

Cut into "chunks" on the jetty, the blubber is loaded on trolleys and taken to the "trying-out" sheds, there to be boiled down into oil in huge vat-like cauldrons.

Over in Korea, a missionary heard two heathen talking about the Christians. One said to the other: "What do you think of this new faith? Are you going to be a Christian, too?" The other answered: "No, how could I? I have to think of myself, and these Christians—they are always thinking of others."



"Down goes whale and net together for the sound!" (Inset) A Harpooned Whale.

ancy and ordered preparation. Harpoon guns are loaded and made ready, lines are carefully "flaked down" in the tubs, lances are looked to, and everyone is on the quiver.

Suddenly a sort of shudder runs through the sea. There are tossing billows and wild commotion away by the bobbing float-lines.

"Hurrah! she's struck!" is the cry.

Away go the boats, each racing to be first "fast" to the struggling "fish" and so earn the bonus that rewards the winning crew.

A mighty, grey-black head, entangled in a clinging web of wire, rears from out the water. Up, up, it goes till a huge bulk of body towers a good fifty feet in the air

victim becomes more hopelessly "wound-up" than before.

Soon, exhausted with futile struggling, the whale comes to rest. The crews are quick to seize their opportunity, and rowing quickly to the spot they drive long lances into the whale, which for ever end its struggles.

## When a Whale Breaks Loose.

But matters do not always end thus tamely. A harpooned whale will sometimes break clear of the nets, and away to seaward.

Then begins a chase in the good old deep-sea whaling style. The harpoon lines, fast in the body of the racing "fish," smoke round the logger-heads, and a curling wall of white foam marks the prows of the speeding boats as they are towed at the pace of



# OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

## International Headquarters. PERSONALITIES.

At the close of his Scandinavian Campaign, The General journeyed back to London by way of Holland, where, at Amersfoort, he led the Annual Field Day.

The Chief of the Staff recently conducted councils for Field Officers in Stockholm.

At a conference in London of the Society for the Study of Inebriety, Mrs. Booth opened a discussion on "The Management of Inebriate Women."

The condition of Capt. Miriam Booth is somewhat improved; we are thankful to say. Although she has had a good deal of suffering and much weakness, the doctors consider her to be making progress.

Commissioner Higgins has taken over his duties as British Territorial Commander. On July 7th he was introduced by the Chief of the Staff at Regent Hall, London.

Arrangements are being made for the Commissioner to conduct a series of Officers meetings at various centres embracing the whole of the British Territory during the fall.

Just prior to his return to Canada, Sir James Whitney, Premier of Ontario, granted a cordial interview to Colonel Lamb. Sir James made the most kindly inquiries about The General and his future plans, more especially as they concerned Canada and Emigration.

It may be mentioned here that Colonel Lamb will, all being well, be paying another visit to the Dominion in the autumn.

We rejoice to hear that Lieutenant Colonel Roberts is meeting with much encouragement in Japan. Crowds of people are attending his meetings, and souls are being saved at nearly every service.

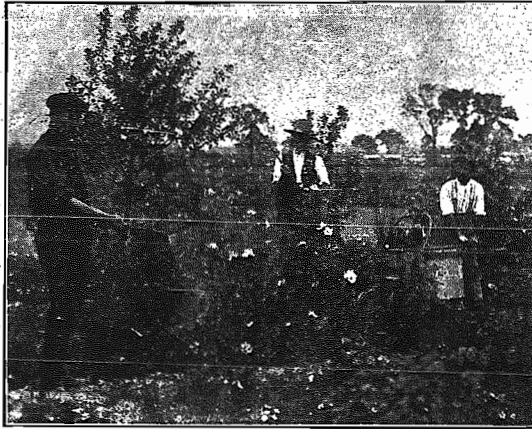
## NORWEGIAN JOURNALISTS AND THE GENERAL.

Following on a strenuous week-end campaign in Christiania, The General received a number of leading Norwegian journalists. Amongst the number was the niece of that famous man of letters and warm-hearted defender of the Army, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, whose name is honoured and beloved in Scandinavia.

Another journalist, representing a leading Christiania newspaper, had come publicly to the mercy-seat on Sunday morning after listening to the searching utterances of The General. All displayed the keenest possible interest in what our Leader had to say. But though they listened with eagerness, making voluminous notes the while, it was clear that the personality of The General himself was to them the most absorbing feature of the occasion. It was also evident, beyond question, that quite apart from the illumination which came to them from the interview, all present were deeply stirred for quite other reasons. Especially was this so when our Leader prayed for them.

## THE GENERAL IN SWEDEN.

The twenty-sixth annual Swedish Congress was opened in Stockholm by The General, who lectured before a magnificent audience in the Blasieholm State Church. Nine hundred Officers were present. Everyone seemed overflowing with good-will towards The General, whose ad-



Colonists at the Boxed Small Holdings Settlement Engaged in Spraying Fruit Trees.

dress was listened to with keen delight. At the close of the meeting an enormous crowd of people awaited The General in the surrounding streets.

The great feature of the Congress, however, was the Field Day at Soderterlje. Twenty-five steamers were engaged in carrying the enormous crowds, and in addition to those who travelled by water, 400 did the journey by special train. Two meetings were held, and at both most impressive penitential scenes were witnessed—eighty-eight seekers in all being registered. The General was supported by Commissioners McKie, Higgins, and Ouchterlony, and his addresses were translated by Col. Polovsen. It is the general opinion that these Soderterlje demonstrations have surpassed anything of the kind for many years.

## FIRE AT SMALL HOLDINGS COLONY.

A destructive fire recently broke out at the Army's Small Holdings Settlement at Boxed, near Colchester. The fire seems to have started in one of the barns at about 11.30, and before it could be extinguished several farm buildings, including barns,

granaries, stables, piggeries, and various sheds were destroyed. The estimated damage is about \$8,500, although we learn most of this loss is covered by insurance. The cause of the outbreak is at present unknown.

## COMMISSIONER EADIE FAREWELLS.

The farewell meetings of Commissioner and Mrs. Eadie from Great Britain, prior to their departure for South Africa, came to a triumphant finish at Glasgow. At the Farewell Demonstration in the City Hall, Professor Murdoch Cameron, M.D., F.F.P.S.G., Glasgow University, presided, supported by Professor John Glaister M.D.H. Camb., F.R.S.G., Bailie Campbell, Bailie Brown, and other friends.

The chairman prefaced a very practical and happy address with kindly references to the life and work of both the late Army Mother and our revered and honoured General. His humorous remarks, sandwiched between the events of the evening, also helped to keep the audience cheerful. He was pleased to have found, he said, that Commissioner Eadie was "a brither Scot," and in his new appointment, on his own be-

half as well as that of the other friends present, he wished Mrs. Eadie and him God-speed.

The Commissioner said that his heart was full because of the breaking of old friendships, but he looked forward to the forming of new, and the opportunity which would be afforded of assisting, blessing, and leading on the Army's forces in South Africa, who had waged a good fight in that land amid great difficulties, for so many years.

## INDIA.

Salvation Army hand looms, which have revolutionized the home-weaving industry in the Indian villages, have been supplied to customers in England, Japan—where they have been patented—Turkey, Java, East Africa, Federated Malay States, Burmah, Assam, and China.

Captain and Mrs. Walker, who were recently married at Simla (India), have been appointed to take charge of the Army's most distant Himalayan Outpost at Chini, on the borders of Tibet. Dr. and Mrs. Rodrigues have also gone there to open a dispensary.

## JAVANESE WAR CRY.

The first religious paper ever printed in the Javanese language recently made its appearance. Its name is "Pawartos Peprangam," which means "News of the War."

The need of a War Cry that would convey to our Javanese soldiers and friends in their own language news of the Salvation War was long felt and recognized. Such a publication would, of course, not only keep them closely informed of current events and new developments, but help to a better understanding of the Army's aims and methods. Many obstacles were at first encountered, but one by one these were swept away, and the Javanese "War Cry" now appears every month.

Two pages of the paper are printed in Javanese characters and two in Malay, thus supplying for our Malay comrades what is also given to the natives of Java.

## UNITED STATES.

Commissioner Estill recently conducted a stone-laying ceremony at North Yakima, and afterwards held a mass meeting in the Yakima Theatre. A very influential audience was present, including Mayor Schott, and many other city officials and leading citizens. Many splendid expressions of approval of the Army's work were given by people of prominence.

Fresh-air Camps for slum children and mothers are now in full working order near most of the large cities in America.

The "Jerry McAuley," the evangelical boat recently launched by the Army, has been visiting several towns on the Delaware and Patuxent Canal. At New Brunswick the local Corps oiled forces with the crew, and services were held on board the boat and on the dock. The boat went on to Trenton, and from there to Philadelphia. It is expected by this means to reach the river men. Joe the Turk was recently arrested at Auburn, N.Y., for playing a cornet on the street. The jury disagreed and a new trial was called, but in the



A Good Lot of Cabbages.

interval a conference between the attorneys resulted in the decision being arrived at that one night's imprisonment was sufficient punishment for the offence. Joe was therefore discharged.

### PRaise for the Army.

A local paper thus reports a simple incident that occurred at Mount Vernon, N.Y. It says: "The work that The Salvation Army is constantly and unostentatiously doing merits admiration. A few days ago we had an example of the Army's efficiency brought home to us. A woman was found destitute on the streets of the city. It was during the extreme heat and the case demanded instant attention.

"The authorities found that they could not extend aid because the recipient was a resident of another city. The People's Institute was already overcrowded, and hence there was created a situation that was deplorable, to say the least.

"Then someone thought of The Salvation Army. Its response was instant, and although the beneficiary had absolutely no claim upon the organization, there was not a moment's hesitation in extending aid. That is the kind of work that counts, and the Army deserves credit for its ability to meet such situations.

### GUARDIAN OF THE GATEWAY

(Continued From Page Three.) Having surrounded the historic pile with fencing to preserve it from vandalism, attention was devoted to protecting it from the encroachments of time and a prolific growth of brambles and creeping plants. The roots of small trees, which had grown up alongside the walls, were also undermining the masonry, so a thorough repair was put in hand.

Overhanging blocks of stonework have been skilfully buttressed, the material from fallen walls being used in the process; huge cracks in the towers have been filled in; the growth of vegetation on the tops of the towers has been replaced by concrete which "keeps the weather put;" mounds of earth have been dug away, revealing walls long hidden from view, while the removal of the trailing creepers completes the revelation of the whole outline of the Castle walls.

### IS THE WORK WORTH WHILE?

Young little Coselle's name with her latest fluttering breath, fancying in her delirium that she saw her child and heard again the divine music or its voice, passed into the beyond and was buried in a poet's field.

"Poor thing!" exclaims the reader, "but she lived in a past century!" Would that her class were extinct, but they are to be found in our fair land—broken, bruised, cast aside, and all who have fallen are not naturally depraved and abandoned. Do you ask for reasons that in our Christian lands there are such great armies of the class designated in the Bible "City sinners?"

In attempting to solve and deal with the social problems it is important to discover the causes of the existing conditions. I will briefly mention four reasons for this appalling fact.

(To be continued.)

### Promoted to Glory.

SISTER MRS. M. E. MAGUIRE  
OF OTTAWA, I.

With deep sorrow we record the death of a true soldier, after a brief illness. The news came as a great shock to one and all of the numerous relatives, comrades, and friends. Sister Mrs.



Sister Mrs. McGuire.

McGuire was the beloved wife of Band Secretary Maguire, and fond, devoted mother of five dear children, the youngest a baby boy just a few days old. Happy thought for them all that she was ready when the chariot lowered. The Band Secretary says: "Oh, how lonesome; yet God's Will be done." What Christianlike resignation. On July 12th the funeral took place. A service was conducted at the home by Staff-Captain Goodwin, assisted by Capt. Maisey, C.O.'s. A pathetic feature was the dedication of the motherless babe to God and the Army by the side of the casket which contained our deceased comrade. From thence the body was borne to the Citadel, where another service was conducted, in the presence of a goodly audience. The Band (with muffled drums) was in full force under Bandmaster Harris, and played the "Dead March" as the cortege wended its way through the streets towards the cemetery, where quite a concourse of people had assembled. Around the open grave, with hands raised to Heaven, are promised God by His Grace, we would meet our glorified comrade in Heaven.

On Sunday, July 14, a memorial service was conducted in the Citadel by Staff-Captain Goodwin. Several comrades spoke on the life of our departed comrade, and entreated the unconverted to come to God. At the close of the service, we witnessed a sight that must have made the Angels in Heaven rejoice. It indeed revived our spirits when we counted sixteen souls weeping at the penitential form. Among the number was a brother of our departed sister.

To our Secretary and family we extend our sympathies, and pray that God may sustain them.

—J. J. D.

ENVOY DAVID R. MORGAN  
OF HALIFAX, I.

While Major McLean was standing around the bedside of

the above comrade, he passed away with the words on his lips: "I have no fear, all is well." That was on Friday, July 7th.

His career was one of constant activity. Twenty-five years of unbroken service was his work, and he stood by the flag faithfully. In this period he had many local officerships, also being the League of Mercy Sergeant-Major for ten years. He was a steady visitor of the hospitals and prisons for years, and at the special efforts he was the champion of the city collectors, and for the past few months for his devotion was promoted to the rank of Envoy, and became attached to the Divisional Headquarters at Halifax, under Major McLean.

He was ever at the front of the battle, and never shirked any cross, and his presence on the open-air will not only be missed by his dear comrades, but all Halifax citizens. His disposition was always cheerful and when others were in dark waters, the Envoy's "God bless you" was ever to be heard.

The funeral was conducted by Major McLean, assisted by Major Wiseman of New York and Adjutant Jaynes. The hall was packed to its utmost capacity, and hundreds were at the door and the Citadel hill. The floral tributes were good and beautiful, which went to show the esteem in which the Envoy was held.

The Major in his address could only speak of the devotion of our comrade's life as a soldier, as did Adjutant Jaynes, who spoke on behalf of the Corps. Captain Clayton soloed "Some Day the Silver Chord Will Break."

The march to the graveside, says the Halifax Herald, was the largest Army funeral ever held in the city of Halifax. A life and drum band headed the march, then came the Highlanders, who played the bag pipes, last the S. A. Citadel Band, who played "Promoted to Glory." The streets were lined with soldiers and friends.

At the graveside a very impressive service was held. Major Wiseman gave a stirring address, warning people to prepare to meet God. At the conclusion of the service three of the veterans blew the last post over the grave.

The memorial service was all that could be anticipated. A large crowd gathered, and after many spoke of his consistent life, Major McLean spoke on the words "Where Is He?" and his address was a solemn warning to backslider and sinners. When the fountain was opened five precious souls stepped from sin into the Salvation of God.

We deeply sympathize with those who are left to mourn, especially seeing that father, mother, and son have passed away inside eight months. The No. 1 Corps feels the blow very much also, seeing they were all loyal Salvationists. May God comfort all the bereaved.—Moses Jaynes, Adjutant.

### PRISON AND POLICE. COURT WORK

The following statistics show what has been done during the month of May:

#### Prison Gate.

No. prisoners prayed with 2,610  
No. prisoners interviewed 2,056

No. prisoners given employment..... 92  
No. prisoners met on discharge..... 174  
Meetings held in prisons.. 93  
Prisoners professed conversion..... 60  
Publications distributed... 2,510  
No. meals supplied to ex-prisoners..... 478  
Pieces of clothing supplied to ex-prisoners..... 77  
No. hours spent in Prison work..... 642  
No. beds supplied ex-prisoners..... 286  
Ex-prisoners assisted with fares..... 65

#### Toronto Police Court.

##### —Men's Side.—

Prisoners interviewed.... 147  
No. prisoners spoken for.. 173  
No. prisoners handed to Salvation Army..... 49  
No. prisoners given employment..... 14  
No. prisoners remanded c.o. Salvation Army..... 15  
Returned to situations or friends..... 35  
No. meals supplied..... 39  
No. beds supplied..... 17  
No. hours spent in P. C. work..... 6114

##### —Women's Side.—

Interviews..... 98  
Spoken for..... 28  
No. meals supplied..... 130  
No. fares paid..... 15  
No. beds supplied..... 62  
No. hours spent in P. C. work..... 21  
No. prisoners handed over to Salvation Army..... 7  
No. articles of clothing given..... 3  
J. S. Pugmire, Lieut.-Col.

### A WONDERFUL CHANGE.

Writing about the beginnings of The Salvation Army work in an Indian city, Commissioner Booth-Tucker relates the following story:

"I want salvation, but I want it secretly," said a man in one of those early meetings. "You cannot get it like that. You must come out boldly and confess your Saviour." He came out, knelt in front of the platform, and gave himself to Christ. As soon as he rose from his knees, the crowd made a rush for him. They had recognized him as a Mahomedan muleteer of a regiment. In terror he rushed out into the dark, the crowd following. We went also to try and help, but soon both he and the crowd were lost to sight. We never saw him again. Perhaps we shall do so on the Resurrection morning.

Wonderful is the change which a few years have accomplished in these very cities. Now the congregation packs the same halls, with eager interest depicted on their faces. As penitents come forward one after another, not a ripple of opposition stirs the calm surface of those meetings. Many remain throughout the prayer meeting and freely converse with the Officers who are scattered throughout the hall. The convert at the close of the meeting can go to his own home in peace without fear of any more serious molestation than the taunt, or sneer, or indifference which he would encounter in professedly Christian lands. Yes, it is a great change.

# Scripture Texts and Mottoes

We have just received a consignment, with many new and unique designs. For beautifying the Home and decorating the Hall they are hard to beat.



Imitation Plush.



Imitation Plush, in three colors. Red, Brown, and Mauve. Raised Metal Letters. Corded. Size 13 by 6. **35c each.** TEXTS.—1. God is love. 2. Able to keep. 3. Christ is all.



No. 521. My help cometh from the Lord.

**15c each.** Size 9 3/4 by 7 1/4. FLORAL SHIELDS, Corded. Colored bevelled edges. Effective Floral Designs printed in full colors, in ornamental shield shape. Texts in silver. TEXTS: 1. Be not afraid only believe. 2. Cast thy burden upon the Lord. 3. My help cometh from the Lord. 4. Lead me in Thy truth and teach me.

No. 520. My Refuge.

**15c each.** Size 9 3/4 by 7. Corded. Colored bevelled edges. A new series of Emblematical Designs, printed in bold Chromo Lithography. Texts in Silver. TEXTS—1. Teach me Thy way O Lord. 2. Our help is in the name of the Lord. 3. Lead me in the way everlasting. 4. In God have I put my trust

No. 496. Songs of Praise.

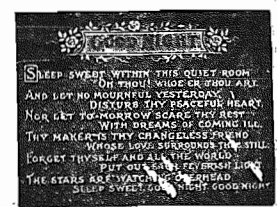


No. 495. Strength by the Way.



**40c each.** Size 19 by 12. Corded. A striking novelty. New series of Embossed Floral Designs on duplex Imitation Velvet, with embossed frame. Designs beautifully colored. Texts in White Letters. TEXTS.—1. As thy days, so shall thy strength be. 2. My grace is sufficient for thee. 3. He giveth grace unto the lowly. 4. The Lord is high unto all them that call upon Him.

No. 497. "Our Life" Series.



**25c each.** Corded. Size 12 by 9 1/4. New series of verse cards on Imitation Velvet. Verses in White Letters. Something quite new. This number contains the ever-popular Imitation Velvet series of which so many thousands have been sold. 1. Our Life. 2. Good Night.

**25c each.** Size 11 1/2 by 7 1/4. Corded. A new series of Bird Designs, in white ornamental Panel, on imitation Velvet, designs aerographed in natural colors. Texts in white letters. TEXTS —1. As for me and my house we will serve the Lord. 2. The Lord hath been mindful of us. 3. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. 4. I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.

No. 502. Poppies and Tulips.



**20c each.** Size 10 1/4 by 6 3/4. Corded. A beautiful series of Text Cards on Imitation Velvet, with delicately tinted designs and fine Landscapes in Panel. Texts in White Letters. This makes a very charming card. TEXTS—1. My presence shall go with thee. 2. Certainly I will be with thee. 3. My grace is sufficient for thee. 4. Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

No. 478. Art Velvet.



**25c each.** Size 12 by 9 1/4. Corded. A series of fine floral designs, highly embossed and beautifully aerographed on imitation velvet cardboard. Texts in white letters. Very effective. TEXTS—1. Commit thy way unto the Lord. 2. Thou wilt show me the path of life. 3. Teach me to do Thy will. 4. The Lord hath been mindful of us.

Imitation Plush.



Imitation Plush, in three colors. Red, Mauve, and Brown. Raised Metal Letters. Corded. Size 13 by 6. **35c each.** TEXTS.—1. God is love. 2. Able to keep. 3. Christ is all.

